

1882-052 Chancery Causes: John Slack vs. John W. Carnes &c
Lee Co.

Yates, Mc Millan, Jones, Hale, Dibrell, Parsons, Vermillion,
Jones, Flannery, White, Stanton, Hardson, Saddler, Miles,
Farris, Newsome, Hutton, Browning, Dosser, Lattimore,
Kelly, Casket Co., Larnier, Emory & Henry College, Orr,
Stickley, Barner & Index Co., Bailey, Bailey, Yates

CA - Debt
T - Property
Business
Schools

Additional Information:

Casket Co. ran a newspaper
Emory & Henry Casket
at Emory & Henry College

- Newspaper

Emory & Henry
Casket, Vol. 1 No. 1
June 1876

OFFICE OF

WILLIAM A. ORR,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Will practice in all the Courts of
LEE, SCOTT, WISE AND WASHINGTON COUNTIES,

And in the

FEDERAL COURT AT ABINGDON.

PROMPT ATTENTION

GIVEN TO THE COL-
LECTION OF CLAIMS.

Jonesville, Lee County, Va., 188.....

To the Honorable John A. Kelly, Judge of the Circuit Court of Lee
County:

Your orator John Slack, humbly complaining sheweth unto
your Honor, that in the months of June, October, November
and December in the year 1876, John H. Carnus, M. S. Yates,
D. L. McMillan, S. J. James, W. S. Hale, J. B. Sibrell, J. M. Glau-
moy, J. L. White, W. L. Stanton, A. P. Kelly, M. A. Handrow,
A. J. Saddle, C. M. Yates, O. S. Miles, A. R. Harris, R. M.
Newson, J. B. Hutton, J. S. Browning, R. T. Loran,
and J. A. Lathmore, then parties running a News-paper
or Journal at Emory and Henry College, Virginia, under
the firm name and style of ^{to which company they are not known} "The Basket Company," employed
and procured your orator to furnish material and print
said paper, (the name of which was "The Basket") to
the amount of Two hundred and thirty (230) dollars,
One hundred and three dollars of which sum the
said Company paid your orator, and the balance
is still due and owing your orator. An account
of all which is here filed marked "A" and is
prayed to be taken and treated as a part of this
bill. Next line in this Commonwealth of this

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Jonesville, Lee County, Va., 188.....

Large Company now as your orator is informed
except A. P. Kelly. The said John W. Carnus lives
somewhere in the West. But he has debts due him
in this County from one M. C. Parsons to the amount
of some \$1000 or more, due by note, which note
was executed by said Parsons to Thomas P.
Carnus and the said Thomas P. Carnus assigned
or transferred
said note to John W. Carnus for value received,
who is now the owner of said note, and who
placed the same in the hands of one C. B. Larnum
his brother in Law for the purpose of collecting
the money on the same and forwarding it to him
at his western home.

The object of this bill is to attach upon said fund, ^{to recover the sum of \$1000 - 7% interest thereon from day of 1876, till paid, e.s. the right of said Parsons}
So much thereof as may be necessary to pay again
orators Claims and the Costs of this suit and to
effect which to have a receiver appointed to collect
and pay over said fund for said purpose.

His prayer therefore is to have John W. Carnus, W.
S. Yates, D. C. McMillan, S. J. James, W. S. Gase, J. B.
Librell, J. W. Flannery, J. L. White, C. L. Stanton,

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PROMPT ATTENTION
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LECTION OF CLAIMS.

Jonesville, Lee County, Va.,

188.....

A. P. Kelly, M. W. Handerson, J. T. Saddler, C. M. Gates,
O. L. Miles, A. R. Davis, R. M. Newsom, J. B. Hutton,
J. L. Browning, R. N. Lassar, and J. H. Lattimore, late
partners running a news-paper at Emory and
Henry, Va under the firm name and style of
"The Pressed Company," and M. C. Parsons and
E. B. Lammie be made parties defendant to this bill and
that they be required to answer its allegations upon oath,
and upon a hearing to have a decree rendered in favor
of your orator for the sum found due him, and that
the said Parsons or Lammie or both of them be compelled
to pay the same out of any fund in the hands of
either one of them due the said John W. Lammie;
and for all other further and general relief.

May your issue VC.

Orr for Plff.

On cl^h 7.37 1881.

Dec 1882 1881

John Slack

vs } In ch^y

John W. Lammie & al.

Exhibit "A" filed.

1881. Jan'y 28th, Bill Filed & O.P.

" Feb, Spalivert on home
defts & Decree nisi.

" Except as to E.B. Lammie
who files his answer.

" Mr. Decree nisi conf'd. O. Pule
Consulor set for hearing by Pule

" Mr. Cando

Cost in my the
Cir Ct.

Clerk \$1.60 e

RETURN.
1892.
THE PROPERTY OF
A. L. PRIDEMORE,
1892.
RETURN.

OFFICE OF

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Will practice in all the Courts of
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Jonesville, Lee County, Va.,

188

1876	The Basket Company to John Slack Dr	
June	To furnishing material & printing 500 copies of the Basket @ 15¢ per 100	\$75.00
October	" furnishing material & printing 333 @ 15¢ per 100	50.00
Nov. 1	" " " " 350 @ 15¢ per 100	52.50
Dec. 1	" " " " " " " " " "	52.50
		<u>\$230.00</u>

'Credits'

1876		
June	By Cash	\$30.00
Oct	" "	40.00
Nov	" "	15.00
Jan. 1877	" "	10.00
June	" "	8.00
		<u>\$103.00</u>
	Bal. Due	\$127.00

John W. Barnes & Co
with J. W. C. #127 -
John Slack

Exhibit "A"
" "

Wm A. Orr, a witness of lawful
age being duly sworn deposes
& says that some time since
he received from John Slack
his account against John
Carnes et al, duly sworn to
upon which the chancery suit
now pending between John
Slack Plaintiff and John Carnes
et al defendants, ^{was interrupted} this affidavit
was sent to the late firm of Orr
& Orr and has recently been
lost or mislaid by affiant.
Affiant further states as agent
for John Slack he has received
information from said Slack
from which affiant believes
that the said account for
One hundred and twenty
seven dollar balance due
is just and true and duly
owing from said Carnes
et al and to the said John
Slack.

Wm A. Orr

Sworn to before me by Wm A. Orr, April 4th 1881.

James W. Orr, Clerk

John Black
vs { affidavit
John W. Carnes et als.

To the Honorable John A. Kelly Judge of
of the Circuit Court of Lee County Virginia
The demand & separate answer of John H.
Learner, to a bill, filed in this Honorable
Court against, him and others by John Slack
Respondents say, the plffs bill is not good
and sufficient in law and of this he prays
Judgement of the Court. &c.

But if any other or further answer be
deemed necessary, answering he says, that in
the year 18, the year the "Casket" was pub-
lished, respondent was a student at Emory
& Henry College at which place said paper
was issued, that the publishers of that paper
embraced many of said students perhaps some
40 or 50, ^{they} held associations or meetings in a
body, passed resolutions, appointed officers
& transacted business, after the manner of
an association of members of a church
or a public meeting of citizens, and in
the course of some such meetings of which
respondent was an active participant
it was resolved to publish the paper called
the "Casket," and this Company or associ-
ation was a consolidative meeting of what
was called the "Banner & Index" Company
and it was further resolved to apply the
proceeds of the publication to the expense

thereof enlarging the same as the means
and cost for as respondent knowing or had control of the same so as to be paid.
would allow \$25 for as aiding in the
work of conducting & forwarding the pub-
lication, at the place of publication, but
then this respondent's connection ceased. Respondent
never contracted with the plff or had
any part in such contract, nor did he ever
authorize any person, else to contract or bind
him for said publication and respondent is
advised that he is not bound in law to
discharge the contract made by others & not
in his presence or by his agent. And
respondent would further say at the said
meetings referred to it was resolved &
stated that said publication should not
exceed \$50. per issue & that only one should
be printed, at which time it was further understood
the plff. made a contract different from
said resolution then even the association
could not be held liable as respondent is
advised. Respondent further states the plff
is much mistaken when he supposes that
the names he gives is all now residents except
A. P. Kelly, H. A. Hale was at the time &
respondent supposes still is a resident of
Hagerman County Virginia, B. F. Hutton is
J. D. Browning was now respondent supposes still
is a resident of Washington County Virginia

and respondent alleges that H. R. Stickley
of Lee County, Joseph C. Vassar, of Pulaski
County Va, Jas B. Dibrell of Texas, H. R.
Conner of Independence Tenn, and perhaps
others were concerned in said publication
& meeting and that should the plff have
any right of action against any one
these parties would be as much bound as any
one. Respondent denies that any legal obli-
gation rests upon him to pay said claim
& he denies that he ever assumed to pay the
plff therefor or authorized any one else to
do so. Respondent further states that at the
meeting of said publication it was dis-
cussed & agreed that the persons composing
the said meeting were not to be bound
personally or in anywise made re-
sponsible for the said publication beyond
the proceeds arising from the sale of
the paper, and of this well known fact
respondent alleges & believes the plff at the
time had full knowledge when said con-
tract was made. Respondent is advised that if
the plff has right of action against any one it
must be against those with whom he contracted
not against a mass of people or public assembly
like this. Now plff is further advised that if the
plff sues as respondent alleges, assumes &

and undertake the said work well knowing the nature
of such association that he did so at his own
peril & cannot hold this respondent individually
or jointly liable therefor. He denies any partner-
ship or agreement to bind himself or himself with
others to pay this or any other sum, nor does he
admit the plffs demand to be more what he
states it, and he calls on him for strict legal
proof as to the items thereof - and having now
fully answered the prop. hence to be dismissed
with his costs.

Raymond B. Lawrence

Virginia, Lee county, to wit.

This day John W. Barnes personally appeared before

John W. Barnes

Adm. Lawrence

John Black

Filed April 6th 1881.

James W. Orr, Clerk.

Chas. C. Orr

me and made oath that the facts stated in the forego-
ing answer, so far as they depend upon his own knowl-
edge are true, and so far as stated upon information de-
rived from others he believes them to be true.
Given under my hand March 31st 1881.

James W. Orr, Clerk

To the Honorable John A. Kelly, Judge
of the Circuit Court of Leo County.

The answer of M. C. Parsons to a bill in
Chancery exhibited in this honorable Court
by John Slack against this Respondent
and others, and said answer says that
he does owe his Co-defendant John
W. Carnus a note which amounts to
something over five hundred dollars,
and was due as Respondent now
remembers on the first day of March
1881. This note has been in the hands
of his Co-defendant Emmet Carnus,
almost ever since it was given, and
has never been transferred to any one so
far as he knows by John W. Carnus.

Respondent having answered as
fully as is deemed necessary for
him to answer he prays to be hence
dismissed with his costs.

M. C. Parsons
By Wm. F. Orr Atty.

Mr. Parsons ^{10m}

ads } Answer

John W. Slack

Filed Mr 30th 1881.

Jas W Orr. clk.

To the Hon. John A. Kelly, Judge of the Circuit
Court of Lee County:

The answer of E. B. Larner to a bill in
Chancery filed in this Honorable Court
by John Slack against this defendant
and others: For answer respondent
says that John W. Larner one of
his co-defendants did send him a
note some time after he went to the
State of Colorado given or executed
by his co-defendant W. C. Parsons to
Thomas P. Larner and assigned or
transferred by the said T. P. Larner to
the said J. W. Larner, for \$526—
due March 1st 1881, and respondent
presumes that the same was sent to
him for the purpose of collecting the
money thereon and sending the same
to the said John W. Larner. The note
is still in respondent's possession.

Having now answered Plff's bill as
fully as what he is advised is necessary,
he now prays to be hence dismissed
with his costs.

E. B. Larner

C. B. Lamm

12

ads } Answer

John Shanks
Filed February, Rules
1881.

John C. Orr, D.C.

John Slack

⁴
John W. Cameron & al.

This cause having been removed
to the Circuit Court of the 1st term the
Circuit Court of Gall County, ^{is ordered to be docketed here,} came on
this day to be heard in said Court upon
the bill of Complaint, the exhibits filed there-
with, the answer of John W. Cameron (with
exceptions ^{amended} to said) M. C. Parsons & E. B.
Larimer, the depositions of witnesses, the
order of publication & summons executed
upon A. P. Kelley and was argued by
counsel on consideration whereof the
Court overrules the exceptions to the answer
of said Cameron & the Court proceeding to dis-
pose of the case so far as it can do the ad-
verse order. The case that the bill be dis-
missed so far as the defendants Cameron & Kelly
are concerned, there being no proof in the
cause sufficient to base a decree against
them for the account claimed by Complaint &
the garnishment process against E. B. Larimer
is also dismissed but as it appears that process
has not been served upon the other defendants
that it does not appear in any way that they are
non residents the cause may be remanded to
order so far as they are concerned to the ma-

turned against them if the Compt may so
 desire and ^{it is admitted, ordered & required that} the Defendants, Carne, Kelly
 recover their costs against the Compt for
 which they may have execution if they so de-
 sire & this cause is remanded to the Circuit Court
 of Lee County, then to be remanded to hold in
 said court, ^{if the Compt desires} and the Clerk of this Court will
 transmit the original papers of this cause
 together with a transcript of the proceedings
 had in this Court to the Circuit Court of Lee
 County.

John Black

3 B Reece

John W. Carne, et al

Receiv'd this

J. H. Guerin

receiv'd Jan 1882

Entered

Virginia: In Vacation of the Circuit Court for Lee County,
before John A. Kelly, judge of said Court, Monday, February 20-1882.
John Slack plaintiff

vs.

In Chy

Dr. W. Cairns et al Defts

This cause, by order entered at the August term 1881
being made, by consent, a vacation case; being this day heard,
and it appearing that A. P. Kelly, the only home dependant named
with process, is a near relative of the judge of said Court,
rendering it improper, in his judgment, for him to decide the
cause, it is ordered that the same be removed to the Circuit
Court for the County of Wythe.

Jn A Kelly

Copy of order
in Vacatōi

John Slack p^{et}.

"

John W. Coombs et al. p^{ro}

vs Chy

The parties in open Court by counsel
consent that the judge in vacation may render a decree
in this cause.

John Slack
vs ~~3~~ ~~Decree~~

John W. Carns et al.

Enter
for A. K.
Augt. 31/81

The deposition of F. R. Stickley taken before the undersigned comm. in chancery at the law office of Wm A Orr in Jonesville Va. on the 19th day of April 1881, which deposition is intended to be read as evidence on behalf of the plaintiff in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the circuit court of Lee county Virginia, in which John Slack is plaintiff and John W Barnes et als are defendants.

The said F. R. Stickley a witness of lawful age and being first duly sworn deposes & says, I have read the answer of John W Barnes in this cause in which he states that I was a member of the "Basket Company". I was not a member of said Company, and had no connection with it whatever. I had no stock in said Company.

And further this deponent saith not.

F. R. Stickley

The defendant John W Barnes now appeared and cross examined, as follows.

Question. Were you acquainted with the workings of the Banner, Basket & Index Companies, and when did the Banner & Index Companies consolidate into & form the Basket Company?

Ans. I was pretty well acquainted with the workings of the Banner Company to which Company I for a while belonged when at College & I

think the other Companies were conducted on about the same principles & in the same way - the Banner & Index Companies consolidated into a Company called the Casket Company. Members from each Company going into & forming a paper called the "Casket." - just before the close of the Session of 1876.

Question. Were the members of these Companies considered partners in business, in which Capital was invested by each with a view to profit?

Ans. I don't think they were considered partners in the sense of a partnership business like merchants &c. These Companies were carried on for the improvement of the students of the College & for the benefit & advancement of the Institution and not with a view to pecuniary advantage. I don't think there was any Capital contributed other than an initiation fee which each member paid when he joined the Company.

Question. Please state how persons became members of these Companies, and when and how did or might said membership cease.

Ans. They became members upon the payment of an initiation fee & by a vote of the Company.

when a student left College the other members of these Companies considered his membership severed & the paper was carried on by the old members who remained & new ones who came in - I think ~~any~~ member of said Companies had the right to withdraw from said Company or Companies at any time.

Question. Who made contracts for the printing of the paper?

Ans. It was considered the duty of the business Editor - that is at the time I was a student of the College. We made it the duty of the business Editor of our paper (the Banner) to see to all business connected with the paper & I think it was about the same way with all the other papers -

Question. Do you remember whether or not I was a member of the Banner Company?

Ans. I do not know.

Question. Do you remember who was business Editor of the Banner Co the last quarter of year ¹⁸⁷⁵ 1876.

Ans. I think J. S. Booming was.

Question. ^{by Pliffs} Do you know anything about the organization of the Casket Company?
Counsel.

Ans. I was a student at Emory at the time - the Company was organized near the close of the session 1875-76 by members of the

two other Companies who were not going to leave school at the close of that year but who intended to be students the following year. I knew some of the students who belonged to it but do not remember all, nor how many there was. I do not think I was in the meeting when it was formed for at that time I was aiming to leave school in a short while. & I did not take the Paper called the "Basket".

Question. Do you know that the rules & regulations of the Basket Company were the same as the rules & regulations of the Banner & Index Companies?

Ans. I do not know that they were the same for this Paper was carried on after I left school.

Question by Deft. James. Did these Companies claim the right to collect subscriptions to their papers by process of law?

Ans. The company to which I belonged (The Banner) did not exercise such right, and as to the other two I don't know.

And further this deponent saith not.

F. R. Stickley

The foregoing deposition of F. R. Stickley was this day taken sworn to and subscribed before me at the Court House of Lee County Va. by.

consent of parties, for the purposes in the caption
mentioned, the plaintiff's Counsel Wm A Orr
& the defendant John W Barnes, being present.
Given under my hand, April 19th 1881.

James W Orr, Coun-
sel in chancery of Lee
County Circuit Court.

John Black

vs Defto for Pluff

John H. Barnes et als

Filed Apr 28th 1881.

Jas W Orr, Clk.

Court .75 cts

No 1

John Slack

vs. } In The Circuit
J. H. Carno & Co } Court of Lee
County Va.

The Depositions of John Slack & others, taken pursuant to notice at the Law Office of York & Fullerton in the Town of Madison Washington County Va on the 31st day May 1881 before John F. Perry Notary Public to be read as evidence in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Lee County Va in behalf of the plaintiff, in which John Slack is plaintiff and John H. Carno & Co are Defendants, present John Slack and his counsel.

The Just interrog John Slack being duly sworn depone as follows.

Q. State your age residence & occupation

A. Age 43- Reside in Bristol Tennessee & am the publisher of a newspaper & carry on Job Printing.

3 o'clock p m. The above depositions are taken by agreement

He 2.

until Saturday the 4th day June 1881
at same place at 10 o'clock AM
May 31 1881

John F. Ding N.P.

— June 4th 1881 Resumed the
taken the foregoing depositions
at the Mayor's Office in Goodwin
by the Consent of the parties,

John F. Ding N.P.

Question by left counsel

Please state at length the nature of
your contract with the Cochet Company
with whom you are personally connected
if you remember & all about it?

Ans. I contracted, according to the best
of my recollection, with O. F.
Miles and P. L. Stanton, editors
in chief of "Banner" and "Indep"
to publish the "Basket" which suc-
ceeded the two papers named. Said
contract was made by corres-
pondence, with said Miles and Stanton.
The Basket was to be paid for on
delivery. Delivery was made by
sending the paper by train, via
A. M. & O. R. R., but the bill was
never paid in full. This was
in June 1876. I understood
that each company ("Banner"
and "Indep") was to pay its
pro rata share of the first issue,

No. 2.

but this was no part of the contract. In the fall, a new contract was made with the Business Manager of the Casket Company, and three more issues printed, but the company failing to pay for the same I declined to print any more. I understood the company to be regularly organized, and Mr. Carnes held the high and responsible position of President of the same. I published four issues in all. The total bill for the same was \$227⁵⁰. My books show credits to the amount of \$110⁰⁰, leaving a balance of \$117⁵⁰ still due and owing. This is a true age as shown by my books. Mr. Orr, in ~~making~~ in attempting to get up the age after the same was lost has made a mistake of a few dollars. At the time the contract was made and work was done, I had no further information of Mr. Carnes connection with the company than the written statement of the editor that he was President of the joint company. He has since informed me personally that he was President and presided over the deliberations of the

Not.

company; therefore, he must have been fully apprized of the doings and actions of the same. On page 12 of the first issue of said paper, which is made exhibit "A" of this deposition, Mr. Lorns name is published as President of said company. Said publication was made by authority of the company who furnished that as well as all the matter which appeared in said issue. Mr. Lorns now notified me that he was not a member of the company, but to the contrary, he has on several occasions acknowledged that he was a member, and has, on more than one occasion, offered to pay his share of the indebtedness of the same. This was when he was stationed at Mossy Creek, in charge of the Southern Methodist Church at that point. I also received letters from him to that effect. If I can find them I will file them in this case.

Just McCarnes states in his answer that you knew that "at the meeting of said publishers it was discussed & agreed that the persons composing the said meeting were not to be bound personally or in any wise made responsible for the said publication beyond the proceeds arising from the sales of the paper." State how this is:

Answer: I had no such information; but to the contrary, I was informed by the editors in chief (Messrs. Miles and Stanton,) that the paper was to be paid for by pro rata contributions from the company.

My affidavit in this case, subject to the corrections made in my deposition, is otherwise more correct, and the same is due and unpaid.

My understanding of the contract when I made it was that each and every member of the Carter Company was bound to me for my labor and material in printing and furnishing the same.

Defendant by Counsel objects to so much of the foregoing deposition as purports to detail

6. Contracts had with other parties unless it is shown that the defendant was present, or that he authorized the same or was in some way a party thereto, also to so much of said deposition as refers to conversations with others, or understandings of witnesses based upon such conversations with others.)

Cross Examination,
Quest by Deft's Counsel, Did you have any Contract with the defendant John W. Barnes, in regard to the work upon which your acct is based?

Answer. I had no contract with Mr. Barnes individually.

Quest by same. Do you know of your own knowledge whether the deft John W. Barnes authorized the parties with whom you did contract, to make said contract or to bind him thereby?

Answer. My information on this point is already stated in my deposition.

Quest by same, Did you obtain your information on the subject from Mr Barnes or from other parties?

Answer: As before stated my information was obtained from Mr. Miles and Mr. Stanton, gentlemen elected to the positions of editors-in-chief, of the Oyster, by the company, of which Mr. Barnes was not only an active member, but President.

7
Quest How do you know that Mr. Leames
was a member and President of said
Society at the time said Contract was
made?

Ans. By a published statement
written and published in the first
issue of the Lasker; said statement
being written by the editors or
some member of the company
and published while Mr.
Leames was on the ground at
College, and never de-
nied.

Quest. What was the name of the Society?

Ans. Emory and Henry Lasker Company

Quest Did you do any work for the
Calliopean Society of said College ~~and~~
of similar character, and if so did
you make any difference in your charges
as to them and as to this Society?

Ans. I am doing work for the
Calliopean Society of said
College at this time. There
is no special difference in the
charges, further than the ~~cheap~~ decline
in the prices of material and
labor would make.

Q of Quest, Is it not the fact that at the time said Contract was made the Carter Society was not considered responsible?
Ans - Not to my knowledge.

Quest. Why was the third number changed in Nov. and the fourth in March and by whose authority was the latter given out?

Ans. I held the fourth number of theasket, which was the third number of that session, 1876-1877, some time in my office, endeavoring to get the company to pay for back issues. I was written to by the company, if I ^{would} send it, that they would then be enabled to collect from their patrons and pay me. On this promise I sent it, but never received any further pay for it or on back issues.

Quest Have you fully complied with your part of the Contract, especially as to the 4th number?

Ans, I have.

Quest Who contracted as to the first issue? Messrs. Miles & Staunton

9th

Quest by same State whether the Index and
Banner Societies were not to pay for said
first issue, and whether they did not pay
down on it & how much was paid by each?

Ans. My understanding was that the
two companies (the Casket Company being
composed of made up by a consoli-
dation of the two) were to pro rate the
expenses of the first issue. The charge
for the first issue 750 copies was
\$75⁰⁰. According to the best of my
knowledge, the Banner Company
paid \$30, and the Index Co. \$5⁰⁰. While
this was my information it was no
part of the contract that I was to
look to the two old companies
separately for my pay.

Quest Was not the offer to pay, which you
say in your Examination in chief was
made by John W. Carnes, made for the pur-
pose and with the view of effecting a com-
promise ~~at~~ to John W. Carnes?

Answer; John W. Carnes wrote me that
he justly owed me something, as he
was a member of said company,
and, if I would state the amount, he
would pay it, if I would give him
a receipt. This I declined to do

Quest Have you got that letter?

Answer. Mr. Carnes made this offer by
letter and in person in my office.
I do not know that I have the letter or
letters. Further this Deponent says the

John Slack

The second witness of Lutful age James M. Salt being duly sworn as posed as follows:

Q. State your age residence & occupation
Ans. Age 37. Residence Bristol Tenn. And
Occupation a printer

Q. Are you acquainted with John W. Carnes

the Deft. & when and how you saw him?

Ans. I have seen him in Mr. Slack's office in Bristol Tenn. but ~~had~~^{was} never formally introduced while this was some three or four weeks since.

Q. If you heard him make any statement relative to the suit between him & Mr. Slack, or about the debt due Slack for printing the Pocket News paper, at that time, please state the substance of it?

Ans. I heard him and Mr. Slack talking about the debt. Mr. Carnes proposed to pay his proportion part of it if Mr. Slack would give him a release, which Mr. Slack said to do.

Further this depends upon the fact,
J. M. Salt

The Third Wm of J Bailey being duly.

Sworn deposes as follows.

Question. Tell your eye receiver and
accusations.

Answer. Age 36 years. Accusations Lanyon
Receiver Gordon &c.

Question. How you remained with
J W Lanyon the defendant to
this end.

Answer. I am.

Question. Did you ever hear him
make any statements about
the debt ^{case} ~~side~~ or in this
or when and where and
what.

Answer. Some three or four years ago.
I met Mr Lanyon on the bank
in Bristol in Company either
with Dr Sullivan or the Rev Mr Traill
he mentioned that he had
some difficulty with Mr Clark
about the publication of the
Lanyon's Paper and further said
that he did not think Mr Clark
ought to charge him more
than his proportionate part of
the debt, that there was other
members of the Company as able
or more able than he was to
pay.

Further this deponent says not.
D H Bailey

The further taking of these dep-
ositions continued until Saturday
the 11th day of June 1881, by Consent
of parties.

John F. Terry
Notary

State of Virginia
Warrington to Wit

Gordon Va June 11 1881

In accordance with order of Court
made the party met and there
being no other business there deposed
that an order of

John F. Terry Notary
Warrington to Wit

I J F Terry a Notary public
for the State and County of present ^{Sworn to & subscribed by} the County Clerk
the foregoing deposition was taken before me at
the time & place mentioned in the foregoing deposition
my County & State of present. Given under my hand & the
11th day of June 1881
By Consent the foregoing depositions are filed with
the paper, and D H Bailey Esq. will take the
same with him to establish as he goes there to
attend County Court next week to be by him
given to some Lawyer going from there to
Jonesville to be handed to the Clerk of the
Circuit Court at Jonesville, Va.

June 11. 1881

Vance & Wood Attys,
Bailey & M. Esq. atty

Bill of Costs

J F Terry Notary

3 Hours at 75¢ - \$2.25

on account of plaintiff -

J F Terry Notary

John Slack
vs B

J W Cairnes

In
Circuit Court
in Court

Filed July 1st 1881.

J. A. Hyatt.
Clerk

Wm A. Orr this day made oath before me
that John W. Barnes is a non resident of
Virginia, as he is informed and believes
given under my hand Jan'y. 28th 1881

James N. Orr Clerk

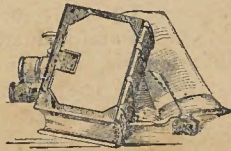
John Slack

as } affiant of
non-residing

J. H. Leary et al

Exhibit

EMORY AND HENRY



CASKET.

OMNE TULIT PUNCTUM, QUI MISCUIT UTILE DULCI.

Vol. 1.

EMORY, VIRGINIA, JUNE, 1876.

No. 1.

Emory and Henry Casket

WILL BE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT

EMORY & HENRY COLLEGE

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Communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editors of the EMORY AND HENRY CASKET, Emory, Washington County, Va.

In all cases articles for publication must be accompanied with the name of the contributors otherwise they will not appear in these columns. Of course the name will be withheld from the public if desired.

Manuscript sent for publication will not be returned whether received or rejected, except by special order and accompanied by stamps.

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For the Casket.

SOME LINES.

BY SELIM RACSO.

To my classmates with whom I have struggled and studied, these lines are sent from my heart. The joys of the past, full many there are, Are fleeting—have fled to their long dark lair; And with them have borne the sweets of our youth. Which with each other we enjoyed forsooth, And our parting (how sad!) at length has come Sons of the South-land, sons of my home.

To each in his walks o'er the plains of life, In each struggle, each contest, and strife, Be the hand of a guide allwise and good To lead to the right and spare thy young blood. May each proudly sail o'er the ocean's foam, Sons of the South-land, sons of my home.

Trust not to the Fates, but to thy good arm, Follow no fairy, and follow no charm, Stand firm for thyself, thy country, and God, Be true though you sink 'neath the dark green sod. Be not in the world a dull stupid mome,— Sons of the South-land, sons of my home.

Ambition may lure thee too seek its height May lead thee to strife, to blood, and to fight, May give thee renown, and honor and fame And send thro' the ages your towering name, But still, be men in all where'er you roam, Sons of the South-land, sons of my home.

Aim at the highest though low you may fall, Strike at the head though the fellow be tall, Be first of thy land and first of thy kind, Both first as to heart and first as to mind, Yes first in the country and "first at Rome," Sons of the South-land, sons of my home.

When thus you have lived and the strife be o'er, When the sword you return and spear you lower, Your spirits shall rest in the heav'n above, Mid God and angels in holiest love, Your names shall be on the towering dome Sons of the South-land, sons of my home.

For the Casket.

Self.

BY SELIM RACSO.

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"—LUKE 6. 41

I AM my greatest enemy. Tho' this at first sight seems a strange assertion, upon closer investigation we can but admit its

truthfulness. In marking out our enemies, we too often look for them at a distance. We forget that there is an internal world, and look only in the external. Yet it must be admitted that this internal world, composed of the faculties of the mind, the passions, the several emotions, and the conscience as sovereign ruler over all, is by far the more important to every individual. It is in this world that a man must become truly great; and it is only by means of his greatness in the internal that he can appear great to the external world. In other words, in order to be truly great, the faculties of the mind must be cultivated, the passions must be governed, the emotions must be virtuous, and the dictates of the conscience must be obeyed as supreme authority.

Pardon a still more explicit statement, and we will say: as a child learns his A. B. C., and studies the first principles of language before it enters upon the study of the sciences, where "why" and "wherefore" follow each fact, so man must study self and learn to understand the relations which one part of self bears to another, and the emotions by which self is actuated, before he can expect to understand the nature of the world of individuals external to himself. No one could ever have written a "Mental Philosophy" without first studying the nature of his own mind. No one could ever have written a Moral Philosophy without first understanding his own moral

Libby

nature. Success in oratory depends upon such a knowledge of human nature as will prompt the orator "to say the right thing in the right place."

Success in any business depends upon such an acquaintance with the individuals with whom one has to deal, as will enable him to adapt himself and business to the fancies of his customers. This very essential knowledge of human nature, is most easily acquired by self-examination. If I wish to know how you would act under certain circumstances, I place myself under those circumstances and then ask the question: How would I act? In this way I may, with much accuracy, discover your actions under the same conditions, for we are both rational beings, and if our foresightedness and powers of reasoning were equal, our actions would be identical.

Again; we should study *self* from a higher motive, viz: in order to be morally elevated. We are by nature so constituted as to be unable to see ourselves separate and distinct from everybody else. We always view ourselves comparatively. When we examine our mental abilities, our moral nature, or our religious condition, we always conduct this examination by comparing our several states with those of our neighbors. This mode of procedure is necessary. For it is only by measuring ourselves according to the standard of humanity, that we are enabled to understand our condition. A lewd woman would never know her lewdness, did she not attempt to compare herself with female virtue. I should never know that I am a great sinner did I not have the example of Jesus Christ and the precepts of the Bible, by which to measure my conduct. Though this comparison is necessary, and is made, as we think, in order to arrive at the truth, it almost invariably results in our favor. The reason, we think, is apparent. There is seemingly an innate spirit of rivalry among men. Hence, when we examine ourselves in connection with those around us, this spirit gains the ascendancy in our minds and looks only for the faults of our neighbors; while, ignoring our own evil traits, it sets forth our excellencies. In other words, the mirror, which reflects our nature and works, is not placed before us, but off to one side, so that our faults and wicked deeds are seen and criticised by our neighbors, while theirs in turn are objected to by us. It is this feature in the world of individuals which gives rise to

strife, contentiousness, and slander; which dissolves friendships and opposes loves. It destroys the peace and quiet of communities; and, extending to a wider field, it excites the pulse of nations; so that they, under the heat and influence of some imaginary insult, declare war, and men, under the excitement of war, commit murder. Burns felt the weight of this unfortunate circumstance, when he said:

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us.

It is by self-study that we are first made acquainted with this spirit of rivalry, and it is alone by patient, careful self-observation that it is to be curbed.

Again; we often-times have too little confidence in ourselves, which results from a want of self-examination. When we fail to study our abilities, we, of course, fail to know our power; and, being ignorant of our powers, we are timid and hesitate to act promptly; and hesitating to act *promptly*, we lose much of our efficiency. As an *effect*—resulting from the same *cause*—we are sometimes too *confident*, and run risks which prudence and sound judgment would prevent us from doing.

By studying ourselves, we are better prepared to appreciate the nature and attributes of God. Nearly all men are deeply impressed with the power and wisdom of God; but comparatively few are able to pass through life without, at some period, believing that God is *partial* in the bestowment of his blessings. When a man sees his neighbor thriving in business, while he, in the very same business, is failing, his heart grows hard and he says, "I can't help believing that God is *partial* to A." Yet this very spirit may be the cause of his trouble. He neglects to look into his own heart, and seek an external cause. If we study diligently the world around us, our own mechanism, and our own spiritual existence, we can but feel that *all* was created and adjusted for man's good. Truly, "nothing is all light," nor is anything all dark. Human life is made up of sunshines and shadows, of days and nights, of fortunes and misfortunes, of calms and storms, and of hope and despair.—The path of life wends its way along through the providences of a Divine Father, whose intentions are always for our good, but the means, by which He works out our good, oft appear to our wicked and finite natures as portending evil. Yet, as we have before said, only let us exam-

ine ourselves and surroundings, and we will see the goodness of God in all things. Man was made to rule and use all things. Vegetable and animal life flourish to feed him; suns shine to warm him, rivers roll their crystal waters for his advantage, springs send forth their limpid streams to cool his thirst, plants bear their fruits for his sustenance, and flowers bloom to please him. Again, since in *our bodies* we see that every single particle is adjusted for our convenience and advantage, may we not, reasoning from analogy, conclude that no trial, no difficulty, no labor, no misfortune in the world of action, is placed before us, but that under the Divine guidance it is ultimately to afford a blessing? In conclusion, since we see, in ourselves both physical and moral, that *self-study* is the key that is ever to unlock the door to success and golden treasure: let us begin the work while the dew of life's morning is yet sparkling on our brows, while the sun of life, newly arisen may lend us its most efficient beams, and while strength and manhood yet remain to be exerted in behalf of truth and goodness.

Next to faith in God, is faith in labor.

Man's life is an appendix to his heart.
To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.

Logic works; metaphysics contemplates.

Indolence and stupidity are first cousins.

The greatest pleasure of life is love.

Love can hope where reason can despair.

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

Indolence is a kind of centripetal force.

The worst thing an old man can be, is a lover.

Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.

While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone.

The miserable have no other medicine but hope only.

I never knew a man of letters ashamed of his profession.

The love which arises suddenly is the most difficult to cure.

The journey of honor lies not in smooth ways.

Cupid makes it his sport to pull the warrior's plumes.

All governments are, to a certain extent, a treaty with the devil.

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty

EMORY AND HENRY CASKET

EMORY, VA. JUNE, 1876.

EDITORS:

P. L. STANTON, Ga. }
A. P. KELLY, Va. } *Editors of Banner.*
W. S. YEATES, N. C. }
M. A. HUDSON, Ark. }
OSCAR L. MILES, Va. }
A. R. FARIS, Tenn. } *Editors of Index.*
R. W. NEWSOME, Tenn. }
F. B. EARNEST, Tenn. }

VALEDICTORY.

DIED, at Emory and Henry College in May, 1876, the "Emory Banner," aged 5 years, and the "Classic Index," aged 2 years and 6 months. The sadness which steals over us at the above thought is only mitigated by our belief in metempsychosis. When we see the old life re-appear in the "Casket," our regret is modified, for in some of its forms we are still able to recognize the spirits of those departed. While we rejoice in our new paper, we cannot but feel cast down to think that in its birth, the death knell of our friends was sounded. We were attached to our papers. We tried to make them worthy of our college, and when we are brought face to face with the necessity of parting with them, our last farewell shall be mournfully sounded to every passing breeze and be carried away to those who were formerly as much attached to them as we are now. The old "Banner" is dead. She weathered five years of adversity and prosperity; some times flourishing, sometimes weak, but always true to her motto, "per angusta ad angusta."—What will her founders say when they hear of her death? The "Banner" has been to us a good friend, and many a timid school-boy writer has had his style improved by permitting his productions to enter her columns. Who can estimate the pleasure with which old students of the college, read the "Banner" after leaving Emory! The locals on unfortunate ones, have created quite a sensation at times. Sometimes the paper would be praised; at others, on account of some miserable local, no words were sufficient to express the wrath of offended parties. So everything went on, and with other things the "Banner" ran her course, and is now dead. It is said:

"The evil that men do lives after them:
The good is often interred with their bones."

Were we required to preach the funeral sermon of the "Banner," the good works of her life should be set forth, and the evil buried. We

cannot think of her without feelings of pleasure when we remember the many pleasant times we have spent in her company. Let her ashes rest, and, in after years, when other students stand over her grave, may they read the inscription on the monument, "Sacred to the memory of the 'Emory Banner,' died in a green old age, loaded with honor and renown."

Some passing whisper says in softened accents, the "Classic Index" has passed away! Verily these are sad times. The staunch old "esto quod esse videris" has gone to her grave. She is followed by many mourners, for in her life-time her friends were not a few. The "Index" reflected honor and credit upon the college and in her decease Emory and Henry has lost a useful institution. She was founded under difficulties, and had there not been the right kind of men at the helm, she would have been wrecked before this. As it is she lived honorably up to the present, and no one was ever heard to say a word against her.—She gained respect wherever she went; her praise was expressed in high terms, and well did she merit it, for a better monthly college journal of her style could not be found. The editors were men who knew their business, and right well did they manage the paper. When she died, we all felt a pang of regret to think so good a friend had departed. Over her grave shall be written "Classic Index," died nobly, sustaining her motto to the last.

Farewell, then, to our old papers. They have expended their life for the benefit of the "Casket." Why, if they were of such high standing, can we not make their consolidation equal to them? We can, and we feel assured that the old friends of both will be satisfied with the new form under which the "Banner" and "Index" will hereafter appear.

SALUTATORY.

READERS, it is in a very busy time, and in a great hurry that we pause a moment in our final college work, to introduce to you our new paper, the CASKET. The *Banner* and the *Index* have clasped hands over the CASKET, and it now receives our combined talent, and gladly we each drop into it our contributions. Whether they all be mites or not, we leave for the decision of those who may read the contents.—As into the contribution box our tidings are placed not only for the sake of charity, but also to cultivate

within us a spirit of kind benevolence, so do we, when placing within the pages of the CASKET matter for the improvement and pleasure of others, expect to improve and develop our own expansive minds. This is the main object of college journalism—to afford a field for the training of young minds. It is here, young man, within these columns, that you may form a taste for wielding that most formidable weapon, and soaring on that most sublime pinion—the Pen. The man of thought, 'tis true, is the man of power, but who would know of his power, or what would his power avail, if he could not bring under his command that instrument next to human tongue—the Pen? Then, young men, fellow students, rally around our CASKET, and produce for it your most precious coins of literature, and there will come a reward to you in process of time, in the form of well developed and expanded intellect. And those of you who cannot so help us have it in your power, in various ways, to lend us a hand, while we try to make this paper second to none within the circle of college journalism.

To the alumni, we would say a word, even from the class of '43 to our latest. Do you love your *Alma Mater*? Do you appreciate the worth of youthful advancement? Then, in all the power of earnestness, we appeal to you to encourage us with, at least, your name on our subscription list. We do not ask that you take the *labor* from our hands. No! the paper is to make us labor, but, situated as we are, means must come from an outside source. And this we do not ask as a *gift*—only as a necessary remuneration for what we can give you. It is no source of income to us. Far from it; for often, after being refused settlement with our subscribers, we must search our private pockets for money to pay for what they received. Then, friends of the College, seeing our circumstances, encourage our enterprise.

We must leave the CASKET, even now in its infancy, but we leave it in trusty hands. After the summer months have gone by, we hope to see the paper again on a sure footing.

We now place before you the first copy of the CASKET. Take it, examine it, and if you can, applaud. Though we now go under the motto, OMNE TULIT PUNCTUM, QUI MISCUIT UTILE DULCI, we do not forget our old sentiments, *Per angusta ad angusta, et esto quod esse videris*.—Though through difficulties we become great, you will always find us what we seem to be.

BRANDON AND MY CHILDHOOD.

WHAT memories and mingled feelings hover around the name Brandon, the old homestead where I was born, and where the happy days of my childhood were spent! With what tenacious love am I still bound to everything that reminds me of those days! Will the picture ever be effaced from memory's tablet? The large white house with its Dormer-windows, where the two old locust trees locked their branches over the portico, to protect it from the merciless rays of the summer's sun, and the beating blasts of the winter's wind. The great sloping yard, with the old mossy pump in one corner, around and over which the quivering aspens glistened in the sunshine, and the gravel walk, leading to the rustic gate up to the steps of the porch, over whose curb-stones the beautiful vines were creeping, and almost hiding the tiny violets and daisies which tried to peer through the thick green foliage. Ah, this is the place where the sweetest, most innocent part of my life was spent. All my love, my imagined troubles, my joys were within the old storm-beaten plank fence, outside of which I sometimes wish I had never passed, so sadly different do I find this great world, from that small world of my youth.

Oh, the many, many scenes and remembrances which, even unbidden, flow to my mind! That day when, from my play, I ran into the house and asked for my beloved friend, and they told me she was gone away off. How my child heart ached, and all alone in my little corner room, how I cried till I fell asleep, and dreamed of heaven and angels, that I was an angel, and saw my sister who had died and gone there, and told her so many things of home, and how I wanted to die in earnest. And then again how indignant I felt when naughty men came and went with father to the army. How strange it all seemed. I see old uncle black Jake holding the horse at the door, while the tears were rolling down his withered cheeks, because "Marse Jeems was going to the war," and everybody else sad and gloomy. But all those days were not sad ones, very few were. It seems like only yesterday that there was a return from the war. A footfall on the steps, the knocking of snow from weary feet, a turn of the knob, and then we were all happy again around the cheerful hearth-stone. Surely it

cannot be the sad reality that my young days at Brandon are forever gone. How I would love to walk again in the old lane under the oak trees, and to sit with my feet dangling in the brooklet, that the ripples might flash over them. And when the time comes for me to die, then I would wish for the days of my youth and Brandon. But even if I could not look on all those things again with my dimming eyes, or hear all those sounds again with my heavy ears, or feel all those glad throbs again with my young but hushing heart, it would be pleasant, beautifully pleasant to sleep the long sleep out there. To lie down near the brook side for the last time, when the branches are waving, and the sunshine stealing through them down into the grass, where the winds are making forever the same old music, and the stream is singing the same old song. I was there not long ago. Every thing had something of the same old air about it. The pump was still there, and the water was just as sweet, but the trees were grown larger, and one of them was broken down by the storm. And it made me sad to see the largest oak tree, the one that stood at the foot of the lane, torn and riven by the lightning. How could I keep back the thoughts of the old swing that used to hang from its branches, the companions whom I loved to meet there. We could not so much enjoy a meeting there now, for our old friend lies prone to the earth, dead. I stand there looking at it all. It is natural, but still not like it used to be. I wish in vain for one more glimpse of the blue sky, as I beheld it then, when I thought it heaven, and while I looked out upon it as the jeweled canopy of this world, believed it to be the starry pavement of another. The old wood still lies black and grim round the house, as it lay then, but I do not fear its deep glens, and its dark hollows now. There are no ghosts and fairies there anymore. I have grown prosaic now, and the beautiful idealism of my youth has spread its sheeny wing, and left me,—where? All you of the world know where. But I am happy that I once was an innocent child, and that God has given me a memory, that I can, as it were, live my childhood over again and again. Oh, that I could be at Brandon in reality just for to-night. Here no more winds wake me to gladness in the morning, no more musical waters sing me to slumber at nightfall. But I must hush, for memory has flung wide the gates of her solemn

temple even at this slight touch, and forth come trooping the dethroned household gods of the spirits spring time, overwhelming, and crushing my heart beneath the myriad remembrances which they arouse—like those avalanches of eternal snows, which sometimes fall in "mountain masses with a silent dreadfulness" at the mere vibration of the human voice, the fairy tread of the curling mist, or the impulse of the passing eagle's wing."

Brandon, sweet home, I love thee still.

E. & H. COLLEGE, VA.,
April 15th, 1876.

For the Casket.

A Youth's Dream.

HE was a boy of fifteen years, high fed from Plenty's hand, who never had a desire that was not met as soon as made known. He was the favorite child of Health, unknown to sorrow and unacquainted with pain. The pettings of a loving mother and the indulgences of a generous father had made him peevish and hard to please. Indulgence and perfect health had rendered him disobedient and imprudent. But Nature, weary grown, complains of laws too often broken. He came home late one evening from boating, wet, weary, and his face burning with a fever. He exchanged his wet boating suit for a dry one, bathed his aching temples with camphor, and after early tea, when he had related to his mother the incidents of the day, how he in turn pulled the oars, and how he and Charley Webb, to have a little fun, upset the boat and got a good ducking, retired to his room to sleep off, as he said, a fit of weariness. A fire was burning temptingly bright in his room, but he laid his half smoked cigar on the table and retired immediately. The gas had been turned off some time, yet he had not slept. Restless and thirsty, he turned from side to side. Ten o'clock has past, but wounded nature refuses to yield to sleep, her "sweet restorer." It must be eleven, or later, the fire in the grate has almost died out, an occasional flare, and then all is dark again. How gloomy! No voice within save the chirp of the little cricket, while without it is more gloomy still. The thunders, like the groanings of troubled nature, render the darkness intensest gloom. He listens to the water pouring from the gutter into the great tub at the corner of the house, and now and then quick flashes of lightning light up his dark

room. The old fashioned clock standing in the corner ticks slowly and steadily the weary hours through.—It is now twenty minutes to twelve, and the poor boy has not slept a moment. Look again, it is just twelve now—the dreariest hour of the night. The thunder's voice is now hushed; the lightnings have left night to pitchy darkness, and the rain patters fast upon the housetop. Hush! he has fallen asleep, and now dreams. What does he dream? Does he dream how he used to fly his kite in the streets, envied by the other little boys who had none, or how he rudely slapped his little sister when she troubled his marbles? Perhaps he dreams of the day just past; how he and Charley rocked the boat and so frightened their companions, or how they stole along under the willows and robbed the fish basket of the old miller. Listen! He hears the door bolt slowly turning. Is it Mama coming to see if I sleep well? I thought that she would come soon.—The door opens slowly, and he looks anxiously to see Mama enter. Raising his aching head from the hot, damp pillow, he calls "Mama, Mama." Oh, horrors! who is that, and for what has he come at this late hour, and who gave him entrance through the front door? Oh, what glaring eyes and hideous visage! Look, what long and bony fingers! See, he carries a blade, how keen it looks! By the angels! who is this frightful being, and what can he want? Shall I fear him as a devil, or worship him as a God? Oh, what shall I do here alone with this pale, frightful man or devil? Must I cry for help? No, I will not be a coward; if die I must, I will die like a man. I will ask his name and business.

"Sir, answer me truly at the peril of your life; whose trembling, lean form is this that dares face this storm of to-night and enter my chamber at this late hour? If you be a man, explain your intrusion; if you be a lost soul, escaped from your Plutonian home, away with you; but if you are a weary, faithful messenger of Him who is able to "weigh the hills in balances and the mountains in scales," I question not your right to this hour."

The pale stranger threw his long, keen blade across his bony arm, rolled his glaring eyes slowly in their deep sockets, and from his hollow breast came forth these startling words:

"My name is death; the storm and the calm are alike to me. I have no moments of rest, no nights for repose and sleep; nor do I regard those of man. I am the well-aimed Archer;

time is my bow, and men's hearts are my targets. I am not a stranger in this country, as you suppose, but am known to almost every family of this land. A king, I sit upon a throne of human skulls, and wield the sceptre over all the earth. All disease I hold in the hollow of my hand, which I sow broadcast over land and sea.—Deep-veiled sorrow and crying follow my footsteps. Childhood, manhood nor old age can evade the quiver of my bow. I watch the tiny bud just blossoming into life, and, before the mother's gaze, with icy fingers, quietly close up the newly blown flower, before it is chilled and bitten by the frosts of life's winter. The little school-boy is sent home with throbbing temples to his mother's arms. I visit the counting rooms of the wealthy, and mark my victims there. In the market place I assert my right, and strike down the strong with the weak. In the halls of merriment, when the laugh rings loudest, I have, with unseen hand, taken from the dance the fair and the gay. The grave is my depository, where moulder the bones of my subjects, awaiting the judgment trump, when I shall lay down the sceptre never to take it up again. The trump that announces the birth of eternity alone can proclaim the news of my usurpation. Then I will take my fingers from the ears of the sleeping millions and they shall hear again. The crucified Nazarene flung off my fetters and will strike the shackles from the feet and hands of those whom I have already bound. Youth and health call me the "grim monster," much to be dreaded, but view my stooping form at a distance, and grow bold.—The wicked see in me all that is horrifying, but the Christian, weary and footsore, awaits my coming with pleasure. Infirma old age looks to me, as does the hireling to the setting sun, to bring its wanted rest. My ways are past finding out; none can tell the time of my coming. Frequently I am the companion of disease; again, from the clear sky of man's hopes I hurl the death-giving blow. There is no land where my trail is not seen and my power acknowledged. No king dares clash sceptres with me.—None on earth, nay, none in Heaven save Jehovah, can measure arms with me. But in Heaven I would not reign; in hell, I cannot. Lost souls, stung by the "worm that dieth not," beg my relief. Fallen angels drag their smoking chains over the burning marl of hell, begging my compassion, but the lost I cannot relieve. The saved I would not molest. Then, young man, 'take heed to your ways,

for in life you are in the midst of death."

Thus saying, death gathered up his black trailing robe, balanced his long keen blade upon his shoulder, and disappeared through the door, giving it such a slam as to wake the youth, and lo! it was only the dream of a young man in his first sickness.

Faustus.

WASHINGTON SPRINGS.—We would call the attention of visitors to the Virginia watering places to these excellent springs. They are first in position on the line of approach from the South (the Va. & Tenn. Air line) of all the great Virginia Springs.—We refer visitors to former guests for a commendation of their great curative properties, and the quality of the fare and entertainment offered. Situated among the hills, surrounded by picturesque and attractive scenery, they offer an inviting home to the invalid. Terms for the coming season, \$30 per month, \$10 per week, or \$2 per day. Children and servants, half price. Visitors will be taken from Glade Spring Depot to the Springs by a hack.

EDMUND LONGLEY & SONS,
Proprietors.

Satirical writers and speakers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they are thought to be. They do win now their corn, it is true, but it is fed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add that they who are always speaking ill of others are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and generosity in others, though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or imagine faults. It is much easier for an ill-natured man than a good-natured man to be smart and witty.

It is believed that physiognomy is only a simple development of the features already marked out by nature. It is my opinion, however, that in addition to this development, the features come insensibly to be formed, and assume their shape from the frequent and habitual expression of certain affections of the soul. These affections are marked on the countenance. Nothing is more certain than this; and when they turn into habits, they must leave on it a durable impression.

We are surrounded by motives to piety and devotion. If we would but mind them. The poor are designated to excite our liberality; the miserable, our pity; the sick, our assistance; the ignorant, our instruction; those that are fallen, our helping hand. In those who are vain we see the vanity or the world, in those who are wicked our own frailty. When we see good men rewarded, it confirms our own hope, and when evil men are punished, it excites our fear.

Our souls must become expanded by the contemplation of nature's grandeur before we can fully comprehend the features of man.

For the Casket.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. James W. Dickey.

"How is the strong staff broken?"

BY EULALIE.

Holston, thy harp of mourning take,
Again lies low the reverend wake,
Deep tones of wailing sorrow wake,
A noble form is with the dead!

His feet with gospel peace were shod,
His voice swelled forth salvation's strain,
In labors oft—in work for God,
Earth's gilded toys to him were vain.

To build the church, to scatter seed
Of precious Truth, all streams beside,
The wretched, starving soul to feed,
The weary, wandering feet to guide.

Beside the sick, and dying bed
He whispered of the Better Land,
Where every wo and sin hath fled,
And none ere taken the "Parting Hand."

And when the hour of conflict came
Death met him not as monster dread,
His soul aglow with heavenly flame,
And Glory's halo round his head.

"I leave my children in God's care,
With confidence and holy trust,
That they His saving grace may share,
When I am mingling with the dust."

Oh! glorious hope of endless life,
Which doth earth's glittering stores out-
shine,
Beyond this vale of wo and strife,
His spirit basks in bliss divine.

Then Holston! harp of gladness wake,
Let rapturous shouts the bosom thrill,
Nor longer harp of sadness take—
God's secret stands on Zion's hill!
WOODLAWN, VA., May, 1876.

For the Casket.

Is Our Nation Declining?

MESSRS. EDITORS:—"Is our nation declining?" seems still to agitate the mighty mind of Mr. Max. In the last "Index" I noticed his third and last immortal production. He begins with a desperate attempt at something sarcastic; he struggles hard and long, and either ashamed of the effort, or being conscious of having signally failed, he exclaims, in the anguish of his soul: "If any harsh expressions escape me, I trust my antagonist will attribute it to inadvertence, to the momentary warmth of controversy, to anything in short, rather than a design of affronting him;" showing clearly the "design of affronting," without the ability to do it in a creditable manner. I agree with Maximus that all men, not great, sometimes make mistakes,—I am but another example of such; for I ascribed to him greatness, (truly intending a compliment), but I now see I was sadly mistaken, as he has proved himself anything but great. I think it would be complimentary to attribute his whole speech to "inadvertence," for surely with reason on the throne, and a desire to discover the truth, he could not have thrown together a desultory collection of assumptious assertions and denials. As to who thinks himself

great, judge of Maximus and Darby. Mr. Maximus has merely repeated in his third piece the arguments advanced by him in the other two; I consider that I have answered these arguments a time or two, hence, it does not devolve upon me to notice them again. He has, however, asked some questions and made some threats that need to be attended to. Once more, oh! Maximus, you do not speak the truth, when you say the Governor of North Carolina is a Democrat. I have been informed by, or rather through, gentlemen that live in North Carolina that the Governor is a liberal Republican. I did not say in my speech that because a man was a Democrat, he was perfection; but Mr. Maximus had been harping upon Radicals, and I merely wished to show him that there were some Democratic officers in the South. Every speech which the gentleman has written teemed with abuses of the Radicals, leaving us to infer that if we just had some Democrats, we would be all right. The Governors of the following States are Democrats: Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Texas, Tennessee, and Virginia. We have had no means of hearing from any other States besides the Southern. As to which is the more probable, amalgamation of the negro with the white man, or the extermination of the negro, I cannot tell. Wise men in the South say that the negroes are fast diminishing in numbers. Some say the whites will, ere long, turn upon the negro and exterminate him. But to please Maximus, I will answer his question as he evidently desires, in favor of amalgamation. Will this give him any advantage? Suppose I declare, and establish by argument, that amalgamation is certain, does this give him any advantage? He assumes that amalgamation will conduce to the decline of the nation. I deny that it is so; hence, it devolves upon him to prove it. In West Tennessee there is no evidence of amalgamation, though it has been eleven years since the war ended. I hear of no complaint from any other State, unless from the land of the nativity of Maximus.

The three points that I wish to make are: 1st, That the nation is not declining morally. 2nd, That the nation is not declining financially—considering, under this head the sources of finance. 3rd, That the nation is not declining in her attention to literature,—under this head noticing schools, libraries, and newspapers. If these three points can be established the question is gained,

for they cover all the ground. The first, I endeavored to establish in my previous piece. My opponent comments upon my statistics being six years old. Maximus, where are your statistics? Newspapers, I suppose. How do you know that immorality has increased in the last three or four years? I demand, as I have done from the beginning, that you prove what you say. Men in debate must not imagine, guess, or assert; they must prove what they say. I appeal to any impartial man if it is not proper in this debate to take the latest statistics. I can establish my position by assuming the opposite to be true. Suppose we reject the census report, what follows? He says the nation is declining; I say it is not. He says crime is increasing; I say it is not. To whom shall we appeal? The answer presents itself: These statistical reports. The first of our three points, we say, we have proven in our previous piece, but it may be proper to give the figures in this issue, in order to get the force of the three points. First, then, the nation is not declining morally. In 1860 the population of the United States was 31,443,321. The number of criminals was 98,836. In 1870 the population was 38,558,371. The number of criminals, 36,562. This shows that there was only one criminal in 1870 to three in 1860, in proportion to the population. The value of Church property in 1860 was \$171,397,932; in 1870 it was \$354,483,581. As we have given the population at the respective periods to which we refer, we can easily see that the value of church property in 1870, in proportion to the population, was nearly twice as great as in 1860, the ratio being that of 9 to 5. These things seem to be a fair test of the morality of a people.

Second, The nation is not declining financially. In the first place, we notice the population. Mr. Hargraves, an eminent statistician, says that now, in 1876, our nation is increasing in population one million annually. From the above figures, allowing for the effects of the war, we find that the statement of Mr. Hargraves true in regard to the nation six years ago. The value of real and personal estate in 1860 was \$16,159,606,068. In 1870, it was \$30,088,518,507; nearly doubled in ten years. It must be borne in mind that under real and personal estate we include manufactures, agriculture, &c., We state it in this brief form in order to avoid taking up time and space.

Third, The nation is not declining

in her attention to literature. In 1860 there were 5,477,037 children attending school. In 1870 there were 12,055,443. In Virginia, in 1876, 207,000 in school, as opposed to 67,000 in 1860. This last is from the Educational Journal of Virginia.—In 1860 there were in the libraries in the United States, 13,316,379 volumes; in 1870 there were 45,528,938 volumes. Number of newspapers in 1860, 4,051; in 1870, 5,871. If the gentleman's arguments were unanswerable, still these facts would outweigh them, and I would be entitled to the question, independent of having met his arguments. Now, I am entitled to the question, either upon the preponderance of arguments, or upon my refutation of his points; much more, then, am I ahead of the gentleman when I have succeeded in both. For any one to conclude that the nation is declining because she meets with misfortunes, seems to me to be absurd. Her very trials strengthen her. The nation, like individuals, learns only by experience. She learns to overcome obstacles only by contact with them; and truly may it be said that she has ever risen triumphantly over difficulties, and to-day moves on to glory. The discussion is closed. I hope it has been interesting to those who have followed us, yet this hope is not without apprehensions. I must return thanks to the editors and readers of the INDEX. As to who has beat in the debate, I will simply say: *Ferat palmam qui meruit.*

DARBY.

For the Casket.

Knowledge is Power.

THE ordinary occupations of life daily demonstrate the truth of the maxim, "knowledge is power." He who, in addition to whatever skill he may have acquired, is thoroughly acquainted with the principles on which the success of his occupation depends, is much better fitted for the duties and responsibilities of his employment than those who follow in servile imitation the well-worn path of centuries. It has often been remarked that it is folly for men to undergo a long course of mental discipline, when they expect to spend their lives in what are termed the humbler employments of life. We must confess, however, that it is difficult to see why we might not as well have intelligent farmers and mechanics, as intelligent lawyers and statesmen. It must be remembered that the greatest possible success in any occupation is unattain-

able without a thorough acquaintance with the principles involved. To do a thing as it always has been done, to follow out the plans developed by another's brain, and practiced by another's hand, may be well enough, so long as the way is plain and the object to be attained is unobscured. It may be well to pursue the beaten path of experience, while the usual routine of action presents itself; but these are times when circumstances change, when the highways of experience are broken up, when a multitude of irregularities necessitate a deviation from the ordinary plan of operation. Under such circumstances men are thrown upon their own resources. They must think for themselves. They must devise their own plans and choose their own modes of action. Practical skill will avail them nothing. They must have a knowledge of general principles to insure success. Inventions in the various branches of industry depend on the intelligence of the laborer. He must be able to perceive the defects in the present system of labor, and have intelligence and skill enough to remedy these defects. This is the principle on which rests the progress of invention and discovery. Knowledge, then, is the power which guides men in the humbler employments of life, as well as through the intricacies of the more exalted occupations. It tills the soil and gathers wealth, discovers continents and navigates seas, puts down pride and lifts up virtue, destroys evil and exalts religion, instructs the heart and enlightens the soul, elevates nations and refines the world. Perhaps the power of knowledge may be better illustrated when considered in its relation to mind and matter. It acts directly on mind, and through mind upon matter. It is worthy of remark that material changes, in so far at least as they are left to man's control, are the measure of mental development. The absence of knowledge is the absence of invention and mechanical labor. There is a link which binds the two together in close relation. The one keeps pace with the other, showing that man was by Infinite Wisdom designed to act as well as think, and think as well as act. By the savage scarcely a tool is fashioned or an implement made. Nature with lavish hand bestows her favor upon him, but he is unmindful of her gifts. The forests tower above him and scatter their foliage around him; but he knows not their uses, he prizes not their value. Earth's richer treasures lie stowed away beneath his feet; but he heeds them not. He

acts and lives as did his ancestors a thousands years ago. He is no improvement on his sire. He is actuated by the same impulses, the slave of the same passions, an actor on the same arena. If he possess intellectual superiority it is never apparent, but is concealed beneath the savage frown which clouds his brow. But take away that barbarian's mind from its native wilds—place it under proper conditions for mental culture—teach it the elements of science—expand it by rigid discipline—train it in the use of its faculties—in a word, give it knowledge. What a change is wrought! The wild barbarian's expressions of the eye and countenance are gone. The savage scowl has given place to a pleasing serenity. Intelligence glows on the cheek and beams from the eye. His entire appearance gives evidence of a God-like power within. He moves in a higher sphere. High and noble motives give birth to action. He no longer looks upon the world around him as a minister to his lower desires, but makes it the means of his higher advancement. Knowledge has given him powers to conquer self. He can control the strongest impulses of his nature. He can govern himself. He can govern the world. Such and so great is the power of knowledge.—Mind, then, while storing away knowledge, ever tends from a lower to a higher grade—from excellence to excellence, from power to power.—At each successive step it becomes more sensible of its superior powers and gains a wider and clearer view of all the facts and principles presented to its cognition. So might it go on forever, each successive age bringing the finite mind into closer relations with the Infinite God.—Now, if this be true of the intellect of man, there is no reason why it is not true of a higher order of beings, and so also of every grade of beings between the finite and the infinite.

Now, if this be so, why is it not true of that Infinite Being who spoke into existence the wonders of creation? Then knowledge is the universal source of power. The power of man is limited, because his knowledge is limited. The power of God is infinite because his knowledge is infinite. Power in general, what is it? What is that undefined essence, if essence it be, which develops worlds of thought and moves a myriad of material worlds? What is that spring of action which is exhibited in every vibrating atom, in every phase of animal and vegetable existence? What is that all-pervading influence—wide as creation's

utmost bounds, co-eval with the eternity that is past and co-extensive with the eternity to come? Knowledge is power, but is power necessarily knowledge? Is knowledge the power which vivifies the agencies of nature and keeps them in active operation? There is power in steam. Is knowledge the power of steam?—There is power in the elements. Is knowledge the power of the elements? Is knowledge the power that creates and controls the changes of the universe? The answer comes, echoed by every voice in nature, Infinite Wisdom designed it all. Knowledge is the power by which God governs the universe. It is the sceptre which He wields over all created intelligences.

Ebenezer.

For the Casket.

"Penalty."

THAT man was created perfect will not be denied by any one who puts faith in the authenticity of the Bible, for the record is handed down to us that "God said let us make man in our image, after our likeness," and so he was created. Nothing in his nature savored of evil or tended to wickedness; he was perfect, as he was part of God—made after His image and likeness. Evil passions were unknown to him. His mind, no doubt, went smoothly on in its course, experiencing nothing but pleasure, never encountering an obstacle, or having to turn away from the cup of joy, full to overflowing; for the plot, then being formed in the mind of great Lucifer, had not yet reached perfection. But at length the time came, when the fallen angel sent the serpent to carry out his mighty designs; and they succeeded only too well, for the happiness which man had in his own perfection, and a correct knowledge of the Deity, was suddenly taken from him, and he was driven out of Paradise, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and to struggle ever after with his newly created enemy, sin. This it was which thrust him out of Eden, and this would have to be removed, before he could hope to return.—Therefore, for the commission of crime, a penalty was exacted, by which he hoped to vanquish his enemy and attain once more to perfection.

This penalty, then, has been defined as the recoil of crime, and the strength of the back-stroke is in proportion to the original blow. Crime and penalty seem to be related as

the angle of incidence to that of reflection. If the former be thrown out, the latter rebounds. The more forcible the original action, the more impressive the reaction. If a crime is committed the penalty must follow, for it is a well-known fact that crime is the creature of law. Without law there is no crime; so without penalty for the commission of crime, there is no law, and despite all assertions to the contrary the act is merely a vice without consequence.

It seems to be a prevailing opinion that penalty should make many opponents. Those who feel themselves exposed to it may naturally be against it. Among the opponents of penalty, we may class those individuals who try to screen the criminal through an undue sympathy. The sympathy for the unfortunate is often ennobling to a man, it should not be carried to that extent where it will cause him to lose his judgment, and take from justice those who have fallen within its folds. This false compassion gives us jurors, whose feelings are allowed to gain the mastery and, notwithstanding the complete array of evidence placed before them, by which they can dispense justice, they prefer to bring in a verdict directly contrary to the truth. The facts of the case are plain; the crime was committed and no cause sufficient to justify the means advanced, yet a verdict of 'not guilty' is brought in by twelve men, all of whom, it is hardly possible to conceive, would swear to a lie! How are we to account for this, other than by the undue sympathy which men have towards criminals! Again, for the same reason we have judges, who refuse to impose the penalty which the law demands, because their feelings are touched and they cannot prevail upon themselves to give justice; consequently a weak feeling of pity biases or suspends the sentence.

Moreover, this is the baneful source of that maudlin public sentiment, which, being not at all in favor of the crime committed, yet attempts to justify the criminal. Often a pernicious fear of being considered parties to the infliction of the penalty, defeats the ends of justice. This destructive sentiment goes so far as to appear to vindicate the crime, and in its desire to shield the criminal will allege that he has done no more than right in ridding the community of one who was no longer worthy of enjoying its benefits.

All are too apt to judge the penalty as stamped with cruelty, without reflecting upon the atrocity and in-

justice of the crime. Cruel as the penalty may seem, it is but what the criminal deserves. If he has been cruel to others, the law must be severe towards him. It is but the old *lex talionis*, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. The Court of England has recognized the justice of this, and now deals out the penalty in the same coin, as that in which the crime was committed. A man who is found guilty of maltreating his wife or children is sentenced to be flogged every morning, so that he may know the cruelty of his crime, and to use a common phrase, "see how he likes it himself." That the penalty should seem cruel to the one who pays it is but natural.

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

In thinking of the penalty, the crime for which it is exacted is often entirely forgotten. Men who think the punishment cruel and who give their consent to acquitting the criminal, unconsciously place their own property, and even their lives in jeopardy, for in letting loose so many villains on society, they only unchain as many demons, whose sole object is to commit crime. Most criminals do evil with a full knowledge of the consequences and expect to pay the penalty when they are discovered, so they cannot regard it as cruel, or they would not have been so ready to place themselves in situations, where it will be necessary to suffer in expiation for their crimes.

Modern science has shown us that great crimes must be met by severe penalties. We are taught that while it is wrong to execute a man for petty larceny, it is equally wrong to send him for thirty days to the county jail for murder. Every thing should be meted out in proper relations and proportions. Draco's doctrine of punishing with death the stealing of an apple, which he considered of as deep a dye as to commit sacrilege, has given way before the light of modern law and science. We do not agree with him in his assertion that the smallest crime deserves death, and that no greater penalties can be found for larger ones. The doctrines of the Bible are in direct contradiction to that; but even if we had not its light on the subject, reason would teach us the fallacy and injustice of his philosophy.

Many suppose that the penalty is intended for the reformation of the criminal. It is not. Abstractly considered, it is for the crime committed. If a man commits arson he is punished for the crime, and if he chooses

to regard it as a warning to reform, it is only a secondary consideration. A man is hanged for murder, because he committed murder. The penalty, indeed, acts as a warning to others and may deter them from doing evil, but as for the criminal himself, it is not intended for his reformation.—The penalty is exacted for the actual commission of crime.

Julian the Apostate had for his coat of arms, an eagle struck through the heart with a shaft feathered from her own wing, with the motto, "our death flies to us with our own feathers and our wings pierce us to the very heart," fit symbol of our participation in the injuries we receive.

Penalty must in the end be supported by everybody. Its benefits are many. It will give us justice and allow us to live in peace, for by conquering all undue sympathy with criminals, we can impose the penalty for every crime committed, and thereby demonstrate to the evil-doers the uselessness of committing crime and the hopelessness of their escaping the natural consequence. Let us remember, it is false compassion to acquit a guilty man, because of a desire not to be a party to his punishment, but let us give justice in all things and make every crime be followed by a proportionate penalty.

EDWARD BUTTONS.

For the Casket.

A Joy Forever.

ALMOST since the morn of creation man has endeavored to clothe the works of nature with a mythical and imaginary grandeur and beauty which would cast a sacred gleam over the world. When time was young we see the minds of men endeavoring to give form to the dim outshadings of something, which they felt and believed to exist beyond man's perception; hence, in the early history of the world, the poet has sung in Mæonian strains invocations to the god of war and the goddess of peace. Endowed with a supernatural vision, he has seen the Oreas in the mountains, the Dryad in the forest depths, the Nereid on the coral strand by the sea-shore, Faries on the hills and in the valleys, gnomes in the caverns of the earth and gods in the elements. "Great Pan is dead," but man still traces forms of divine beauty in Nature, when robed in the gorgeous vestments of Spring, or shrouded in Winter's snows. In the low song of the evening zephyr, or the fierce war of the tempest; in the noisy rippling of the mountain rill,

or in the deep, blue ocean, with its ever ceaseless roar; in the dewdrop which glistens on the flower, in the lightning's glare, or the thunder's tone of terror.

True, Science with sacrilegious tread has entered this fairy-heaven of the Imagination, and Philosophy, with the lamp of truth has forever dispersed these airy creatures of Fancy; yet the mind will wander back down these "golden avenues" of thought, "beautiful as silver fountains in an evening sea"—down the dim vistas of the Past, and out into enchantment's dreamy infinity, which the sightless son of Scio's rocky isle, and other bards no less renowned, have peopled with forms as chaste, as polished and as beautiful as statues of "Elgin marble set in Elysian light." The man, whose thoughts are guided solely by reason, may call us visionary and all these beauties of the poetic world naught but dreams. They may be dreams, but they are of a world in which are shadowed forth man's primitive ideas of Heaven, Immensity, Eternity and Divinity. They may be steeped in error and tainted with superstition; but in them are reflected the power of man's intellectual mechanism. Oh, what a world of inimitable beauty! Whatever the "ancient poets have feigned of Elysian fields"—whatever the imagination has formed in her boldest flight is realized in this paradise of the muses. Here the soul may find a respite from its cares, and be invigorated by a perennial morn and perennial beauty.

"All lovely tales that are heard or read,
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring into us from the heaven's brink."

Thus, with pleasure we look upon Mt. Ida, grey with time, and think of Ilia and the ill-fated Oenone; we look with reverence upon the oracular oaks of Delphos and Dodona; upon Olympus, still covered with snow, shining clear and bright over the trackless waste of years, and in imagination we yet hear the silvery shell of Triton sounding from some beating cliff on his native Ægean. These are simply the creations of the human mind, yet their beauty stamps them with immortality. The poet-philosopher has invested the land, the ocean and the heavens with the supernatural, and man bows in adoration; he has wandered amidst the caverns of the mountains, and read the world's history in its hidden records; he has entered the depths of the sea and peopled its "coral palaces and amber plains" with a mysterious race; he has flown away amongst the wilderness of worlds—amid the eternal circles of

the heavenly hosts—has grown familiar with each and knows their various people, and even looked upon the very

"Sapphire throne—the living blaze,
Where angels tremble as they gaze."

But all that is sublime in nature, all that is beautiful in art is stamped with human frailty, and must at length yield to Time's wasting finger, and dissolve away, like the "transient bubbles" of a boundless ocean, which for a moment reflect on their pure bosoms the fair imagery of heaven and then "burst in the plenitude of their mimic beauty" and depart forgotten and forever returnless. But not so with the creations of the mind—though they are the exponents of human happiness and human woe—marked by all the imperfections consequent upon the anxieties, impulses, hopes, ambitions and despairs of desultory life, that move and agitate a boundless creation, yet they must live forever. When the world, the sun, the constellations and the firmament shall yield to the fiat of Heaven, and not a wreck nor a shadow remains of their past glory; then the creations of the mind will rise in pure and unsullied beauty as monuments above the neglected graves of forgotten genius, and then we will see and know that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

ROL. McARTHO.

A man hath riches. Whence come they, and whither go they? For this they are to form a judgment of the esteem which they and their possessors deserve. If they have been acquired by fraud and violence, if they make him proud and vain, if they minister to luxury and intemperance, if they are avariciously hoarded up and applied to no proper use, the possessor becomes odious and contemptible.

I remember a passage of one of Queen Elizabeth's great men as advice to his friend: "The advantage," says he, I had upon others at court was that I always spoke as I thought; which being not believed by them, I both preserved, a good conscience, and suffered no damage from the freedom; which, as it shows, the vice to be older than our times, so it does that gallant man's integrity to be the best way avoiding it.

And which is yet worse, let every one but dive into his own bosom, and he will find his private wishes spring out and his sacred hopes grow up at another's expense. Upon which consideration it comes into my head that Nature does not in this swerve from her general polity; for the physicians hold that the birth, nourishment and increase of everything is corruption and dissolution of another.

For the Casket.

Why Is It?

While Adam slept, God from him took
A bone; and as an omen,
He made it like a seraph look,
And thus created woman.

He took this bone not from his pate,
To show her power more ample;
Nor from his feet, to designate
That he on her might trample.

But 'neath his arm, to clearly show
He always should protect her;
And near his heart, to let him know
He always should respect her.

PANCY, lead us back to the time when the earth was pure; when Eve and Adam, innocent and guileless, strolled alone in the garden of love. Show us Eve, the beautiful, the perfect. Ah, we see, and oh, how charming! A face so beautiful; a figure so faultless; a heart so loving; thought so exalted; a mind so refined; an intellect so gifted. We have seen her before, portrayed by men of genius. We have seen her reflected by the Blind Poet's masterly pen, but felt that even he did not do her justice; he was too sparing of that precious jewel—Intellect. It is not reasonable for us to suppose that the Omniscient Creator would have made Adam with a superior mind, and Eve, who was to be his constant companion, with a weaker one, and then have expected them always to enjoy each other's society. The common ol' servations of daily life will teach us that intellect aspires to intellect; inferiority seeks a level. We think the Bible teaches that man and women were created with equal powers, faculties, and rights; but, for an apple, woman stooped from her lofty estate, threw off the robe of innocence, and fell—oh, so low! Then, and not till then, did God say unto her, "Thy husband shall rule over thee." And henceforward, each succeeding age plunged her deeper and deeper into the abyss of misery and degradation; until all that was loveable in woman seemed blotted out forever, and she seemed fitted only for gossip and scandal, or to be the slave of man. Then ere long there came a time when barbarity and idolatry began to fade away before the bright light of true religion, and rapidly followed civilization, learning and culture. Then she rose gradually, until once more man took her to his side as an equal. But the ray that had dispelled the darkness did not teach the right; it left the mind to experiment and gradually grow stronger ere it grasp the truth. Human nature is prone to seek extremes, the angle of reflection is ever equal to the angle of incidence. The World, seeing its for-

mer error, now considered the lightest toil too severe for her delicate hands; and she, for want of a worthier work, turns to Fashion's shrine, and on its altar lays health, beauty and talents. Here the world saw its error, and asked for a remedy. Wisdom answered back: Properly educate woman. Educate her physically, morally and mentally. Then will her aspiration be higher, her influence greater. Let it no longer be said that woman's capacity is too narrow for the acquisition of much knowledge. Too many women of genius stand arrayed as gems to deck the nineteenth century. At those distinguished Northern Universities many young ladies have proven fully competent to equal, and in many instances, surpass young gentlemen of the same age and in the same classes. But these are in advance of their time. Our female schools are as yet very imperfect; the world has not been waked up to their importance. Woman is now only raised to the window of science; she peeps through, sees a star here, a flower there, trifles a little with acids, alkalis and crucibles, and then you persuade her she is an astronomer, a botanist and chemist. Why this superficial education? Why that useless but countless train of glittering accomplishments so generally taught young ladies at the present day? And why not educate your daughters as thoroughly as you do your sons? The countenances of many answer: It is unnecessary. Unnecessary to enlarge, expand and elevate the mind. Few men ever use their knowledge of Greek and Latin in the transactions of daily life; fewer still, their algebra, geometry and calculus. Yet you do not deem their time mispent in acquiring such knowledge. If the languages and higher mathematics are calculated to enlarge the brain, expand the mind and elevate the thoughts, why not give woman the privilege of being thus improved? It would fit her better for her duties, extend her influence, and make her a more desirable companion.

It is the woman's task to watch over and assist the infant's dawning faculties in their first expansion; and can it be of light importance in what manner this task is performed? Will it have no influence on the child, whether the first light that entered its understanding is received from wisdom or folly? Are there no bad mental habits, no lasting biases, no dangerous associations, no deep-seated prejudice, which can be instilled into the little mind? In fine, do the opinions of the age take

no direction and no coloring from the way of thinking which prevails among one-half the minds that exist on earth? Unless you are willing to acknowledge that an incalculably great amount of mental power is utterly wasted, you must agree that the female sex exerts a vast amount of influence on the intellectual character of the community. Bright-eyed Hope points to the future when we shall have for young ladies such schools as Ann Arbor, Princeton, University of Virginia, and Vanderbilt. Society must undergo a great revolution before this can occur. The false idea that young ladies should complete their course at seventeen must be abandoned. A girl should be kept at school till she is at least twenty or twenty-one; her mind is not fully developed until she has reached that age. Her youth had much better be spent in storing her mind with useful knowledge than wasted in dissipation; in silly flirtation; in reading such trash as abounds in the land, and is honored with the name of Novels; or in adorning the body in showy apparel. Do not think we attach too little importance to a lady's toilet; we think it an essential part of her character, and no female school would be perfect unless needle-work, domestic duties and the culinary department formed one of its principal branches; but why not let them be taught by thorough and scientific teachers? Those properly taught will seldom fail to put their knowledge to practical use. Fathers, say not that you cannot afford it; an education is of inestimably more value to your daughters than if you poured the wealth of India at their feet. For money, if used, will be consumed, but learning is an inexhaustible fount, from which we may drink from youth to hoary age, and still it is the same full, overflowing fountain.

There are others who would argue that a superior education would raise a woman above her station. It would only raise her to it. Her chief desire still would be to make the fireside shine with greater brilliancy. She could not have a worthier aim; for as the solar system receives all its warmth and light from the material sun, so all civilization, enlightenment, refinement and happiness, that pervade a nation, is centered in and emanates from the fireside. The more thoroughly educated a woman is, the purer will be the light; and if she is called from the precincts of home to battle with the world, and is dependent upon her own exertions for a subsistence, she will be better prepared

to struggle with fortune. She will, with persistency, demand her rights; rights that are denied her now. She is at present admitted into only a few fields of industry, which are already full to overflowing. If she has any education whatever, she is expected to teach; if not, then her next resource is her needle, which is very hard work and very poor pay. Hard work, because it so quickly wears the life away; poor pay, because there are so many applicants. Even if she does man's work and does it as well as he, she is denied his salary, simply because she is a woman. This species of the darkened barbarian tyranny still clings to the enlightened nineteenth century, and causes a vast amount of suffering among that class of women dependent upon the proceeds of their labor for a support. Though the present advocates of "woman's rights" are extremists and err very greatly, yet they are accomplishing good results. It is these who are entering those Northern Universities, pursuing that rigid course of study, and proving to the world, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that woman's capacity is in every respect equal to man's—as capable of understanding mathematics, languages, law, medicine, or theology. This, once clearly proven, will awaken in woman the consciousness of powers which have long lain dormant, and it will compel man, *nolens volens*, to give her equal wages with himself, when she does work as he would do it himself. That same class of women is seeking new pursuits, more profitable than teaching or sewing; thus they introduce a variety of ways in which woman may support herself, according as her inclination directs. They teach her that work is no disgrace, and their conduct will awaken an investigation which will result in the discovery that there are many ways in which woman can work without stepping beyond the boundaries of her womanhood. She will learn machinery and its uses; occupy stations behind the counter; at the book-keeper's desk; and after the establishment of our ideal colleges, we will give her the printer's ink, the artist's pencil, and the author's pen. Time and the woman's heart will teach her that nature did not suit her to all avocations; that her modesty and dependence fit her for some, while they debar her from others. The fact that she can understand physic, law, theology, or politics, does not argue that she is called to engage in such pursuits. She was evidently not intended to rule, or to engage in severe manual labor. Let

man continue to be the hewer of wood, and to hold the reins of State.

Woman, Nature gave you soft hands and a tender heart; then she laid at your feet the scepter of love. Prepare to wield it judiciously, and man, the proud monarch of creation, will bow willingly his haughty head beneath its gentle sway.

Some have supposed that to be instrumental and useful, woman is necessarily compelled to marry. A very grave error. With a true woman, marriage is only an accident, and not her aim. She, by chance, meets one whose presence renders her happier, and accepts his offered hand and heart, returning hers as pure and loving. If she does not meet that person, she lives a single life, rejecting all, however worthy, who have not won her affections. She follows her calling faithfully, accomplishing much good that lies out of the reach of a married lady. And if she is intelligent, appreciative, kind, cultivating all Christian graces, entwining all virtues around her heart, it may be truly said of her:

From her lone path she never turned aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fell;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all.

But most blessed is she who reigns queen of home and queen of hearts. Home is woman's sphere, the place nature hath assigned her. There she may shed her sunlight, and by so doing make it of all places on earth the nearest to Heaven. Home! What joys cluster around that word! Here woman exerts her greatest influence, but it does not stop here. It is felt where she is never seen; felt by man in his most busy and stormy hours, and lingers long after she has gone to her final rest. If, with exterior charms, she adds inward excellence, great, exalted is the love she inspires, unbounded is her influence, and her home is an earthly Paradise.

The "Unknown" has been discovered. His name is O. Gotoel—at least that name seemed to be the choice of a majority of the passengers on an Iowa railroad the other day when an ardent Republican went through the train for the purpose of taking a vote.

"I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness; "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got anything new on."

For the Casket.

MY DREAM.

Weary worn and full of sorrow,
Ease and rest I sought to borrow
From my couch and peaceful sleep,
Soon were objects dim before me.
As kind Morpheus drew o'er me
Peaceful slumber, sweet and deep,
Then I heard a strange low ringing,
As of some sweet spirit singing—
Singing far away, yet near.
Hush, I hear it coming, coming,
With its mellow humming, humming,
Quivering now, and now more clear.
Now the door-knob softly turning,
Love within her dark eye burning,
Peared a spirit strangely bright,
From beneath her drooping lashes
Ever and anon came flashes—
Flashes pure as heavenly light.
Flowing robes of purest whiteness
Added more unto her brightness;
And pure golden was her hair.
In her hand a wreath was lying,
Those bright flow'rs seemed surely trying
To be like the maiden—fair.
Yet there never was word spoken,
And the silence was unbroken,
Till she beckoned, "Follow me."
Then was I in perfect rapture,
Willing to her easy capture,
Never wishing to be free.
Hand in hand we went through childhood,
Roaming o'er the field and wildwood,—
Days gone now for evermore.
Oh, their memory is a treasure,
All their joy, and all their pleasure.
They are passing—they are o'er.
Still I clasp the maiden fingers.
Never for a moment lingers
The fair spirit, at my side.
Now my boyhood's happy season
Yields its place to sterner reason,
And by life storms I am tried.
Still my angel leaves me never,
By her smiles encouraged ever
I at last the victory 'll win.
Ever constant, ever loving,
Always with my footsteps moving,
Hath my darling always been.

Soon old age, with hoary locks,
At my memory gently knocks—
Knocks to bid me look away
To my happy childhood day.
Middle age almost forgot,
And I'm longing for it not
Half so much as childhood—youth,
When the gentle buds of Truth
First their joyous blooming 'gan,
Fitting me to be a man.
But my heart-strings still are wove
To my darling constant love.
Though her locks are streaked with grey,
Never does my love decay.
Lapse of time, yes every hour
Hath increased its quickening pow'r.
When I faltered, when I fell,
She would lift me, she would tell—
Tell me never to give way—
Then on bended knee she'd pray—
Pray that grace be given me,
Till the bright reward I'd see.

Now we start together on,
Gone from earth, forever gone.
Past the stars and worlds on high,
Till the shining portals nigh
She's still singing, "Follow me."
Now so near the gates of heav'n,
That sweet home to faithful giv'n.
I look back once more to earth
To see th' land that gave me birth.
In that moment, oh! my woe!
That dear hand from mine let go.
Then I woke up with a start,
And the feeling in my heart,
That this dream meant something more
Than imagination's lore.
Not the fear of missing heav'n,
But I fear my heart is given
To a girl—my star how sweet,
And I fear the luck I'll meet
Will be just as in my dream.
And if so, then ne'er will beam
On my soul a light so light,
As this maiden's pure and bright.
Emory, Va. CLARENCE.

The woman-bating Chicago Times protests against giving the weaker sex the ballot so long as they persist in catching a ball in their apron.

EMORY AND HENRY CASKET

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P. L. STANTON, Ga., Senior Editor.
A. P. KELLEY, Va., Literary Editor.
W. S. YEATES, N. C., Local Editor.
M. A. HUDSON, Ark., Business Editor.
A. T. SAULER, Miss., Secretary.
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R. W. NEWSOME, " "
F. B. EARNEST, Local & Business Ed.
JAMES B. DIBRELL, Sec'y and Treas'r.

EMORY, VA. JUNE, 1876.

LOCAL ITEMS.

At a meeting of the consolidated company, on the 2d inst., the name and motto of this paper were chosen, and the following corps of officers and editors were elected, for the first term of next year:

J. W. Carnes, Va., President; W. S. Yeates, N. C., Vice-President; D. C. McMillan, Tenn., Secretary; S. J. Jones, La., Senior Editor; W. S. Hale, Va., Associate Editor; Jas. B. Dibrell, Texas, Local Editor; J. W. Flournoy, Texas, Business Editor; J. L. White, Texas, Secretary and Treasurer.

We know of no better way of recalling the pleasant associations of our College days than by taking the College paper; therefore, we hope that the boys who shall not return next session, will remember this and enclose to us \$1.50, directing us to send them the CASKET one year.

The following is the programme for commencement:

- June 8th—Public examinations begin.
" 11th—Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. C. F. Deems, D. D., 11 o'clock, A. M.
" 11th—Sermon before Y. M. C. Association, 8 o'clock, P. M.
" 13th—Contest for the Robertson Prize Medal.
" "—Address before Alumni Association.
" "—Meeting of the Alumni Association, 3 o'clock, P. M.
" "—Meeting of the Joint Board, 8 o'clock, A. M.
" "—Meeting of the Board of Trustees, 10 o'clock, A. M.
" 14th—Commencement Exercises.
" "—Address before the Calliopean and Hermesian Societies, by Dr. Deems.

Willie, being asked by his mother, to whom he was reciting his geography lesson, to give some idea of the condition of the soil of Greenland, replied that it was not very *rheumatic*. His mother corrected him by saying that he should have said, remunerative.

Rev. Robt. N. Sledd, of Petersburg, Va., has been elected to fill the vacancies occasioned by Dr. Deems' inability to be present at Commencement. We have perfect confidence in Mr. Sledd's abilities as an orator; and we have no doubt but that he will ably fill the place of Dr. Deems. The Dr., in his letter, expressed much disappointment at not being able to fill his engagements, and said that only sickness could have prevented his coming. While we are sorry we could not have Dr. Deems with us, yet we are equally glad to be able to get the distinguished gentleman from Petersburg.

We have it from authority, that the Senior Class of this year has graded higher for the honors, than any other in the history of the College. Messrs. E. N. Tullis, of Texas, and W. F. Booth, of La., received the honors of Valedictory and Salutatory.

Below we append a vocabulary of our College dialect:

"Bad" has exactly the opposite meaning to that elsewhere given. It applies, in this sense, not to moral, but to physical relations.

A "bust" is one who fails on everything he undertakes. It is more strictly applied to a member of the *hot polloi*; but it has grown so much into repute, that a boy calls any one he doesn't like a "bust," and feels that a load has been thrown from his shoulders.

A "cat" is the most perfect form of earthly existence, and is applied to almost everything good. Of late it has been somewhat depreciated, in that usage has brought it to apply to anybody that a person may happen to like. Of all expressions this is most extravagantly used.

"Fine-haired" originally applied to embryo mustaches and side-whiskers; but now it is made to apply to anything, and is the adjective corresponding to the noun, "cat," so likewise with "fine-large."

"Talk on" and "good talk" are significant within themselves; but the untutored would certainly mistake what is meant by "punching." To "punch" a person is to ask him for a part of that which he has, or which is within his reach. We suppose this word must have had its origin from the fact that new students, being very bashful at the dinner-table, generally, when desiring a dish, give the fellow next to them a gentle nudge with their elbow, accompanied by an indicative nod of the head and a suppressed, mumbling sound.

"Flag" is something, that always sounds pleasant to Emory boys. In the English language, the word desert is its equivalent.

A "Fish" is the most honored of all persons at College. It is the new student, or the student who is

not a member of either Society, that receives the appellation of "fish." "Side burns" is a species of fur, that appears scantily on the cheeks of some youths. It is an appendage that the owner admires very much, though it has been said that the girls don't know how to appreciate them.

Miss Alice Byers, of Springfield, Mass., is visiting the wife of our worthy President.

A student speaking to Mr. B., of his difficulties with Spherical Trigonometry, B. remarked that 'Spiritual' Trigonometry was an easy thing to him.

We notice a beautiful iron fence that has just been erected in front of the residence of our President. We like to see improvements going on in our community.

The contest, from which to select a man to represent us at the Inter-collegiate Contest, next November, will take place on the night of the 12th inst. The following three men from each Society have been elected as contestants: A. P. Kelley, Va., F. B. Earnest, Tenn., and Jas. S. Browning, Va., from the Calliopean Society; and W. S. Hale, Va., R. N. Dosser, Tenn., and J. C. Wysor, Va., from the Hermesian Society.

It was a very warm Sunday when Raymond's mother first put pantaloons on him, and brought him to church. For sometime before the bell rang Raymond strutted about the yard, diving his hands deep into his pockets, and laughing loudly. His mother remarking to him that young gentlemen didn't walk about with their hands in their pockets, he replied: "Oh! mother, I can't take mine out! It's so cold."

He has departed, and the places that have known him for so long may know him no more forever.—Mr. Joseph Marx left us, for his home in Texas, on the evening of the 30th ult., amid the sad farewells of his many friends. We fain would dwell on the serious reflections at his departure, but time forbids. However, we feel that in his departure we have lost half the fun of college life. Joe, we wish you much success in life, and in—well, you know what.

Our Senior Editor elect is somewhat absent-minded. A few days ago, Sam. went down to the spring for water. Returning therefrom he met Mr. S., who, seeing his bucket empty, asked Sam. what had become of his water. Looking down, he replied, "Well, really, I forgot to get it," and off he went back to the spring. Ah! Sam., we are afraid that the mysteries of "Calculus" are serving you a bad turn since your graduation on it.

At the request of the Senior Class, our President delivered a farewell sermon, on the evening of Sunday, the 4th. It was an earnest appeal to the young men, and was highly appreciated by all.

We take this method of tendering our thanks to Mrs. J. L. Buchanan for a very sweet and beautiful bouquet of flowers, received a few days ago. Being a great admirer of the beautiful in nature, we prize this kind of gift very highly. We also tender our thanks and compliments to Miss —, for a very pretty and sweet little bouquet. We'll never forget these acts of kindness to us, while away from home.

Mr. — has been corresponding with a young lady ever since he came here. The correspondence, though only friendly (so he says) had begun to wax warm, and the lady had told him, that all her old beaux had stopped coming to see her. Not long since, our hero, with an eye to business, wrote to his brother, to know who were this lady's beaux. He received the answer back, that she had married last Christmas; and here is another case of shattered hopes and a broken heart. The correspondence is now numbered among the things that were.

Enscotidion, or Shadow of Death; a poem by Rev. T. A. S. Adams, A. M., with an introduction by R. A. Young, D. D., edited by Thomas O. Summers, D. D., published for the Author, Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

We now announce, and propose hereafter to review, this remarkable poem. Though tinged with the gloom of the Infernal Regions, it is illumined throughout by the light of genius, and animated by the sentiment of duty and lofty purpose.—The poet dares, and proves his right to dare. Let everybody read the book. Begin it, and you will read it. We have here a genuine Southern poet.

Mr. Adams is a graduate of Emory and Henry College; and he found an excellent wife in the neighborhood—as other geniuses have done, and more are likely to do.

Our star-gazing philosopher has been out on the war-path again.—This time he selects as his object a fair young lady, at whom he hurls one of Cupid's darts, which, as the sequel will show, didn't have the desired effect. Happening in a distant city on business, some time since, he met a young lady with whom he fell desperately in love at first sight. He soon proposed a correspondence, and asked her for her address, which she gave him. Coming back to College, he wrote her a long letter, addressing it as the young lady had directed. Hav-

ing awaited an answer for a long time and receiving none, he again wrote, and still unsuccessful, he continued to write. At last despair overtook him, and he came to the conclusion that the young lady had served him a trick in giving him the wrong address; and now, poor fellow, he walks meditatively about the campus, with a melancholy look about his face; and he doesn't sing in the choir, as often as he used to. What strange things these philosophers are guilty of sometimes.

For the Casket,

"She Is No More."

HE will soon come, and will then go away no more."—These words I heard uttered in a sweet, female voice, as I was strolling down the streets of a pleasant little Southern village. I turned my eyes to the spot from whence the noise came, and saw leaning against the door-post of her father's house, fair Julia Mayfield. The moon had just risen, and with its mellowing splendor lighted up the surroundings, making everything as lovely as could be on a delightful summer evening. She was apparently about eighteen years of age. Her features, and figure were of almost perfect symmetry. One could easily guess from her words, that love was not unknown to her. Yes she, no doubt like most fair maidens, did love, and what was more the object of her affections, as indicated by her words, was a man. Frank Everton was the only son of a next door neighbor. He had been gone from home over a year, and was expected to return soon as a graduate in his profession. He was scarcely twenty two, but was a handsome and well developed man. Julia and Frank had loved each other from their earliest recollections, when in child-like glee they joined each other in their sports, or hastened on together to school. Now that affection, peculiar only to children, had gradually grown into deep and lasting love—such as only can exist between a noble man and a true woman. The time which had to pass before Frank would come, as usual to those impatiently awaiting, seemed to Julia to pass slowly away, but it did glide by, and he came. It was rumored that a marriage was to take place, and everybody said that they would make a well-matched couple. For Frank possessed a good intellect, and Julia had a strong mind, but not such as some of her Northern sisters have—and may God forbid the day to ever come that the women

of the South, the fairest and dearest in the world, shall throw aside the attire of modesty and endeavor to put on the contaminated mantle of political ability. To the story.—Soon after Frank's return a picnic (and they are very fashionable in the summer among the young people of the South) was to be given, especially as a welcome to him. The time for the picnic came, and the sun rising with unusual brilliancy, and the cloudless sky, gave signs of a bright day. At the appointed hour in the morning many gallant young men and fair maidens assembled at the beautiful grove about a mile from the village to enjoy themselves for the whole day, as they thought. Before dinner Julia and Frank joined in the various games, but after that they wandered off a short distance, and sat down at the foot of a majestic old oak, but what they said and the vows made, if any, are unknown. For they had no hearers save the beautiful trees, which, like willing listeners, bowed their branches in the pleasant breezes, and seemed to smile upon the happy couple. Why could not such happiness always continue? Now the awful voice of thunder announced the coming rain. In a few moments the dark clouds hid the sun from view, and a summer shower began to descend with all its fury. All of the happy crowd were drenched by the rain ere shelter could be reached. Since then two weeks had passed, and now the village church-bell is sending forth its deep-toned sounds. Was it a marriage bell? Ah! no, it was sounding the funeral notes of another of earth's loved ones. Yes, Julia Mayfield was dead. She had suffered much from the disease, brought on by the exposure of that picnic-day. Death, at last, instead of taking some miserable wretch, to whom he would have been welcomed, chose lovely Julia. As Frank stood beside the grave, amidst his tears and sighs, he exclaimed in anguish: "She is no more." The clouds, as they fell into the grave, seemed to say, in a tone mocking his grief, "no more." Then Frank, giving one last look at the newly made mound, lost all hope; for the dear companion, who was to have embellished and made happy his life, was buried beneath it, and once again he said, "She is no more." Not a voice replied, but echo brought back to his ear, the words so full of meaning, "no more." DELAMAR.

No fool can be silent at a feast.

Innocent words admit of no defense.

For the Casket.

TO MISS E...

BY C.E.

Thoughts of purity, truth, devotion arise
Whenever I look in thy darkening eyes;
For mirrors they seem as it were unto me,
Which show forth a soul both untrammelled
and free.

The acme of gentleness, kindness and love,
Which found in the faces of angels above,
Is surely that which is possessed by thee,
Which hath such a powerful attraction for me.

What would I not give for thy love and thy
smile?
If death should o'ertake me and claim me,
e'en while
He touched me and asked me my last earthly
will,
I'd think of thee, call for thee, loving thee still.

If thou could'st with thine eye but fath'm my
love,
You'd see then how vainly against it I strove;
For deep, and undying—ah truly it be
A love that is worthy a loving from thee.

Thou'lt not scorn such a love as I offer to you;
For 'tis faithful and truthful, honestly true.
Thou'lt believe me; for when I speak unto thee
I speak as I would that you'd speak unto me.
Emory & Henry College,
June 1st., 1876.

For the Casket.

Debt.

MAN was created naturally dependent upon man. The scriptures say, "No man liveth to himself." From these relations existing commonly among men, there arise certain necessities. It is necessary that every man should feel a regard for the welfare of his neighbor—that there must exist some deference for the laws of truth and propriety—that every man must yield his surplus to accommodate his neighbor. In the course of affairs my neighbor may need what I possess. Because he cannot pay for it, is no just reason why he should perish. According to the "Golden Rule" it behooves me to let him have what is necessary to preserve his life. His obligation is to give me just recompense for value received. When he has not the money he gives me a writing, which he pledges himself to redeem in a specified time. In this way he becomes my debtor; the obligation on him is a debt.

This idea of obligatoriness has given rise to many figurative conceptions of debts. Every thing which is incumbent, becomes a debt. We have a debt of gratitude; a debt of filial affection; the debt to nature. We owe a great debt to God for being our Creator, Preserver and Redeemer. The magnitude of this debt far transcends our powers of comprehension. We can never discharge it of ourselves, and must needs implore Divine Mercy. But I do not intend to discuss any of these. The debts we contract in our

intercourse with our fellows is the kind I propose to deal with.

They have either a good or bad effect. Let us consider first, their good—and, second, their bad tendencies. In as much as they spring from a just obligation, they call into play the proper feelings between man and his fellows. To exercise any generous inclination has a good effect. It strengthens a man in following the noble dictates of his nature. They teach him to observe sacredly the obligations resting on him. As far as granting time to your neighbor has this tendency, it is well. But outside of being an exercise of mercy in the one extending the license, it benefits objectively. It is natural that I feel some gratitude, for a kindness from you. When, therefore, you lengthen my "day of grace," you do me a kindness, and I am grateful. It improves my nature as well as yours; it benefits objectively and subjectively as well.

Again; when the obligation is properly appreciated it acts as a good restraint. Some natures are such that they do best with something to act as ballast. In that, this obligation acts thus it proves beneficial. Men frequently assent that they owe their success to the fact that they had to assume a debt on entering life. The reason of this is very plain. Young men seldom properly estimate money. They are too much given to squandering their earnings. They do it, too, on the false grounds that having earned it they are at liberty to use it as inclination may prompt. This very mistake has proved the ruin of many a promising youth. Acting by this plan of procedure, many a brilliant boy has "fallen among thieves," and no kind Samaritan ever helped him to strength again. Since, then, assuming a debt often has the effect of causing a man to value money properly, thus far it is beneficial. When he feels that he must liquidate the debt before turning his money to self-indulgence, (than which nothing is worse) it proved a benefit to him. For, having learned to keep his earnings, he is not likely to forget it. It teaches him economy just when he is moulding his character. If the proper turn is given then, he is safe for life.

They have a bad effect. Man-kind has ever considered labor a curse rather than a blessing. It is no wonder then that we see men trying to get through life without working. They contract debts which they cannot or will not pay. In that

debts have the tendency to encourage men in their sloth, their effect is bad. From a commercial stand-point, men should beware of contracting debts. That they are small is no excuse.—They are just as binding as the large ones. Though he be a man of large property, let him avoid making debts. The largest mill-pond may be drained by quills: it is only a matter of time. In fact, the small ones are the ones to deceive us. Gulliver was a man, full-grown and strong, but the pigmy Lilliputians held him a captive. The finest threads were his fetters, but he could not break them. As he did not wake while they were being passed around him, so with small debts. We think they are nothing, and sleep on in fancied security. When we awake we find ourselves hopelessly involved. Small debts are like the strands of a rope. As they can be easily broken separately, so little debts could be paid individually; but together the strands make the strong rope, and the small debts are, when collected, the ruin of many a fortune. John Randolph said on one occasion, "Mr. Speaker, I have found the philosopher's stone; it is, 'Pay as you go.'" This fabulous stone was much sought for in the days when men hoped that it really existed. Their profoundest alchemist failed to discover it, but in our time Mr. Randolph comes upon it. "Pay as you go," there's the secret. Many a man who is to-day in squalor, would be rolling in wealth, had he but taken advantage of this magic "stone." In the days of his prosperity he contracted debts with a prodigal hand. He realized when it was too late that debts, like snowballs, are small at first, but gradually augment. The ratio of increase soon begins to grow with amazing rapidity. "Pay as you go," has been the motto of nearly every rich man—especially those who have accumulated their wealth by their own exertions.

The self-made men of the world have never done business on the credit system. This advice comes from one of these: "Always pay as you go. If you are short of money, gauge your demands accordingly." Every man should form a fixed determination, before commencing his business career, not to incur one penny of indebtedness under any circumstances. It is best to never buy anything unless you have the money to pay for it at once.

Debts are very deceiving. They seem small, but increase in their proportions when assumed. Like Sinbad's "old man of the sea" riding him

to death, is debt upon an honest man. They weigh upon a man with never ceasing vigilance. When we are asleep, they increase just the same. Like the plants, they grow wastelessly in the darkness and the light; still increasing, never stopping till they are paid.

I saw the following in one of the papers, which flood our country: "Half the perplexity, annoyance and trouble that men have in this world is in consequence of getting into debt." This seems to over-reach, but upon reflection it appears more reasonable. Crimes are committed, minds are crazed, the innocent suffer, because of debt.

What a crop of trouble springs from the seed of debt! How many gray hairs it brings, and how often it shortens life—sometimes leading men to commit suicide or murder.

Debts should not be contracted by a man, because he must involve others besides himself. This seems strange, but thus it is. Every man has a place in society. Hampering one, must break the harmony of the whole. From our constitution, we feel another's trouble and to a certain extent bear his burden. Then, if you don't want to trouble others with your trouble, keep out of it. If you do not desire to place your debts upon your neighbor, keep clear of debts.

In conclusion, if you want to succeed, beware of debts. The cash system is the only firm basis in business. As you value your success in life, avoid making debts. Keep clear yourself and see to it that others do not get into your debt. Keep your means at command. Then financial crashes may occur, but you will be safe. Make this your life rule, "Pay as you go, or don't go."

JOHN GILPIN.

For the Casket.

A Lady's Criticism.

FLORA—To-morrow is your wedding day, dear Flora, and you have chosen the most unassuming and unpretending of all your numerous suitors. Pray tell me why you rejected the tall and handsome Mr. W.

FLORA—Dearest Dora, I could not love one whose thoughts move in so small a circle; they all revolve around and centre upon self, and he stands ever a mendicant at admiration's door.

DORA—That is very true. But how could you object to the accomplished and polished Mr. A?

FLORA—I would prefer him as an escort to the balls, but feel that it is a pity he cannot, like the furniture or the pictures on the walls, remain an ornament for the ball room or the parlor.

DORA—Yes, practical Flora, that is the verdict that all business men render; but you have also refused the witty M. D., who is a favorite with all, both old and young.

FLORA—In conversation, I acknowledge he is gifted, and his soft, musical voice, conveying to the ear his beautiful thoughts, could almost entice the heart from its secret hidings, but, Dora, did you never observe in his face evident signs of dissipation? I turn from him as from a serpent, for well I know that the disgusting, reeling sot began with a social glass, and the links in the strong chain that binds him Bacchus' captive are formed of first drinks.

DORA—You may be right. But what do you think of the homely, though brilliant, Mr. J.?

FLORA—I admire his intellect while I contemn his self-conceit. He seems, when in conversation, striving to make you feel the importance of his intellect, and the insignificance of your own.

DORA—I agree with you about that. It is said that Mr. G. placed his heart at your disposal. He, though not so brilliant, is wiser; he seems ever to feel how little he knows, and often says that even down to old age we are ever learning, and then die at wisdom's feet.

FLORA—I might have loved him for his sterling good sense, had I not felt his higher nature. His moral nature was a dwarf.

DORA—All have been duly tried and condemned except your modest favorite, Mr. L. I dare not express my opinion, though a favorable one. May I hear yours?

FLORA—Certainly, you may know why I choose him above the rest, though not very handsome and not very talented. It is his moral worth that gives him the pre-eminence. He has learned to say "No" when tempted, and has courage to do right, mid frowns and ridicule. And as he doeth all things conscientiously, he doeth all things well, and though his progress be slow he will mount to the top. He takes the proper view of life, and has a worthy aim. His mind reaches beyond the boundaries of time and the sublunary things of earth, and grasps eternity. He seeks

"Riches above what earth can give,
And lasting as the mind."

A LADY.

For the Casket.

FAREWELL.

BY LUEA.

I've pressed my last kiss on thy brow,
And breathed my last farewell.
And hushed within my swelling heart
The love I dare not tell.

I sought to win thee for my own,
To wear thee in my heart;
That dream is o'er: I leave thee now
And bless thee as we part.

The cherished hopes of other days
Time never may restore;
But, dear one lost, I love thee still,
As fondly as of yore.

Thy low sweet tones are in my ears
Where'er my footsteps roam,
And pleasant memories of thee
Will make my heart their home.

And when my barque, now passion tossed,
Upon life's wintry sea,
Shall sink beneath the stormy wave,
Wilt thou not weep for me?

Farewell, I dare not pause to gaze
Into those eyes of thine;
Heaven spare thy heart the agony,
That now is breaking mine.

For the Casket.

Importance of Intellectual Discipline.

WHAT institution of learning which sends forth from its halls graduates, whose minds have been well trained for study, necessarily accomplishes what should be one of the highest ends for which it labors. No youth has more flattering assurances of future success than he who can boast of a well trained mind. How often we see a man, who possesses more than an ordinary share of genius, and who in early youth gave great promise of future distinction, pass through the world without rising above the mediocrity. He is not deficient in energy. Being urged on by a powerful ambition, he spends his life in the most diligent manner; yet others, far less gifted than himself, rise triumphantly above difficulties to which he is compelled to succumb. So anxious is he to succeed, that measuring his progress by the time which he devotes to his labors, he sacrifices health and pleasure to accomplish his aim. After having exhausted his physical energies, with many regrets and many insatiate desires, he is forced to quit the field of action and fill a premature grave. His life proved a failure, from the fact that he never learned the true manner in which to study.

It is of transcendent importance that he who aspires to success in literary pursuits should be taught that labor, unless properly directed, will not conquer all things. He should know that he may spend his time in constant toil, and still, if he does not acquire the habit of concentrating

his powers upon whatever he undertakes, a miserable failure will almost inevitably be the result. There are some who are averse to anything that requires effort; to such, of course, intellectual training is of minor importance. Did they possess such training, they have not sufficient energy to make it profitable. They are quietly awaiting the hour when "fortune, being in a happy mood," shall cause some favoring breeze to gently waft them on to the wished-for goal; and nothing will arouse them from this lethargy until life is too far spent for them ever to make any great achievements. But there are some who are unwilling that a moment shall pass unimproved; indeed, they are determined, no matter what sacrifice is necessary, to make their lives a success. Then, how important that they should have their minds properly trained to study. No failure is so lamentable as that of misguided genius.

To attain that power of attention which will enable one at any time, and anywhere, to fix his mind wholly upon whatever subject is presented for contemplation, may require years of incessant labor; but no sacrifice can be made which will yield a richer reward. When once man has made this accomplishment, life's severest battle has been fought, and he is prepared for new and more glorious conquests. He is then able to meet the requirements of this life with the strongest assurances that his efforts will be crowned with success. If his mind is of a philosophical turn, he is prepared to study the great laws of nature, and to consider those intricate problems, the solution of which may reveal new and wonderful laws entering into the government of the universe. Or, if his mind be of a poetical caste, he may, from his own conceptions, form images which, when brought forth, shall astonish and delight the world.

Could we have been permitted to lock into the study of Sir Isaac Newton, while he was engaged with that great problem whose solution added so much to the science of astronomy, we would no doubt, have found him with all the energies of his intellectual being centered upon that one problem. Then we might have been able to appreciate his meaning when he said: "If I am in any respect different from other men, it is in the power of patient thought." It would be less difficult to tell how a man could have produced the grand and beautiful images which adorn "Paradise Lost," could we have witnessed the workings of the author's mind

while he, in his imagination, wandered back to scenes of six thousand years ago. Nor was he confined to earth, but even stood upon the verge of hell's dark domain, listening to the wailings of the lost, or winged his way up to the lofty towers which overlook the battlements of heaven, and there, in trembling awe, witnessed the marshalling of the angel hosts.

It is the well-disciplined mind that can overcome the obstacles that every creature must encounter in this life. No matter what latent powers a man may possess, if he knows not how to arouse them to action, he will accomplish naught. Even if his powers be active, and yet not be so guided by the will that they may work in harmony, their possessor will fall far below his aims. Intellectual discipline is the only guarantee of success in any department of life. It is the man possessing this culture, the power of whose influence shall affect the world. His explorations will not be confined to the limits which have been marked out by his fellow men, but he will advance into the misty domains of the unknown, and bring forth creations whose beauty and magnitude will charm and astound the world. Honor's jewels sparkle for him who aims high, and who, in order to accomplish his aims, throws into his every effort all the energies of his soul.

If there has ever been an age which called for minds possessing not merely strength, but such as can in their efforts use every power of which they are capable, this age certainly makes such demands; this age, in which no department of life is free from impositions and corruptions—true political economy being perverted, real science distorted, and religion defamed. Oh, for minds which are not only gigantic in strength, but which are so disciplined that they shall be able to tower above the vain imaginations and miserable superstitions of the present, and thus save the world from another age of intellectual and moral darkness!

SAM BOTTER.

For the Casket.

"Let all the ends thou aims't at, be thy country's, Thy God's, and truths's."

SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VIII. is replete with noble sentiments. But, among them all, we find none more worthy of admiration than that uttered by Cardinal Wolsey:

Let all the ends thou aims't at, be thy country's, Thy God's and truths's."

These words were uttered just at the close of his high career. He

had been exalted to a high position both in church and state, and was loaded with honors and kingly favors. Fortune had smiled upon him and in her smiles had blessed him; while ambition, with siren voice, was whispering in his ears and telling him to go onward. But while Fortune blesses, she often sore afflicts. Often she exalts men to such heights that they become dazzled by the splendor surrounding them, and let them fall, and their fall is the greater as the height is greater. Such was the case with Wolsey, and in meditating upon his past life he sees that his course had been wrong. His aims were selfish and his end was shame. Too late to recover himself, he gives wholesome advice to his friend Cromwell, and by this advice we, too, may profit.

It is the desire of most men to become great,—to have their names sounded throughout the world as heroes. The youth dreams of greatness, and, when he reads the achievements of men whom the world calls great, wonders if he too can not dazzle the world by some heroic act. The names of illustrious men are ever on his lips, and while gazing with eager eye upon fame's shining heights, he meditates upon some plan by which he can scale the lofty heights of greatness. When he hears of Alexander or Napoleon, a desire for military glory springs up in his breast, and he wishes to go to war that he may imitate their example. Thus the youth spends his brightest days dreaming of earthly glory, forgetful of the real object of life.

There are many by-paths which lead to the hill of eminence, and each is trod by the feet of many lovers of glory. Not only youths, but grown-up men tread the paths and seek for glory in the various pursuits of life. We by no means intend to decry honest, laudable efforts to gain distinction by one's merits, but we do decry a desire for fame itself without the desire to obtain it for some good, and not merely to gratify an inordinate ambition. If greatness steal upon us unawares, or come uncalled for, then it is well to wear the warrior's wreath and wield the sceptre of power; but it is not well to purchase greatness with human woes. The man who overruns a country, scattering broadcast the seeds of misery, laying waste fertile fields, and leaving the ashes of cities and flourishing villages to mark his course; who can see human blood flow in torrents, and listen to the groans of the dying, merely for the gratification of self, is not worthy of

the world's admiration, nor a fit personage to be called great. Your Napoleons and Alexanders deserve rather the appellation of monsters. Selfishness, like a Tartaran fiend, usurped the throne of their passions, banished the nobler feelings of the human breast, and reigned supreme in its cruelty. Now, while their course seems grand, who can admire their aims; who would wish to meet with their sad fate—an inglorious death? Their names are monuments of human frailty and exhibition of misapplied talent. Well do they illustrate the fact that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." Since then we call not such great, let us see what constitutes true greatness. A man's distinction depends upon his aims and the means employed to accomplish them. And since it is natural to most of us to long for greatness, in what way can we be great? I answer in the language of Wolsey,

Let all the ends thou aims't at, be thy country's, Thy God's and truths's."

True greatness consists in living for our country, our God, and truth. We can be great without creating a great commotion in civil affairs, without entering the field of war, or engaging in political strife. The standard of greatness at present is too low; we must look back one hundred years and find our model. And whom do we find worthy to be called truly great? Not Napoleon, but George Washington. He was great. Why? Because he loved his country, his God, and truth. He did not seek his high position for selfish ends, but for the good of his country. He was religious, he was truthful, he was great. The reason is obvious why the men of the present day, who occupy the same position that he did, are not considered great. Their aims are wrong. Selfishness, and not love of country, prompts them to seek positions of honor. Patriotism is no longer the motive power of their hearts, God is disrespected, and truth is trampled under foot. When this is the case, our country is fast declining as did Greece and Rome, and if the tide is not soon checked the "old ship of state" will drift upon the breakers of civil feuds and our "proud bird of Liberty" will take his flight to other climes. Too often has selfishness been the ruin of republics and the cause of empires' fall. Then it is nothing but right that the young men of the land who are some day to rule the nation, should let their ends be their country's, for patriotism is a noble characteristic, and is an ingredient of greatness. Let

love of God reign in their hearts, for He rules over nations and entrusts them to the care of men. Let truth be their guiding star, and it will lead them triumphant through error's night. Ah! if you would be truly great, serve your God, and let thy ends be for his glory. Be a moral hero, and instead of the laurel wreath you shall wear a crown of life. Speak the truth. Live the truth. It will be your passport to fairer climes, where you shall live triumphant and be forever great. Such greatness will last, while worldly honors and glory shall have passed away forever. The patriot, the Christian, the lover and doer of truth—these are the truly great.

Then, let thy ends be thy country's and you shall receive honor from your fellow man; let thy ends be God's, and glory immortal shall be thine; let thy ends be truth's, and men will honor and respect you, heaven will bless you. Now are not these ends of more value than those of self? Then so direct your aims as that when you shall resign your body to the dust, you may look back upon a life well spent in the service of your country, your God and truth, with no regrets to cloud your spiritual vision, but with a willing heart lay off your robes of earthly glory, and put on those of far brighter hue and be forever great.

DON EDWARDS.

For the Casket.

The Voice of History.

MANY are the voices which speak to man. In whatever direction in the broad world he turns himself, some voice, either sweet and musical, or hoarse and sad, greets his ear. How strange, yet how true, is the diversity of messages uttered by the multitude of voices which keep the air in constant commotion. This world would be transformed into a scene of universal solitude were no voices heard to rouse the dreary races into activity. Amid the noise of intermingling sounds, every voice rings out clear and distinct. Each one speaks to its appointed object in such characteristic melody as will convince the drowsy ear of its individuality. The voice of history has a more powerful influence upon the march of civilization than any other in the whole catalogue. This is especially important to the present generation, for two considerations.

First, because it makes known to us the events of the past. Time past is gone forever. If we did not im-

prove it and profit by it when it was present, it must be forever lost. If all the actions of men, if all the qualities and beauties of the external world, brought to the mind by perception, if all the the operations of the mental faculties, were like swift-footed time, gone forever when once it has passed us, then the high endeavors of the historian would be futile, his purposes thwarted, and future generations would never be enlightened by the events of the past. What a glorious fact that man is not destined to dwell in oblivion without any real knowledge of the world in the past. The voice of history has been heard by almost every generation as it acted, either for weal or for woe, in the "great drama." It comes to this generation burdened with the varied experience of all the ages. It has something more than the bloody records of ambitious heroes; something more than the infamous characters and moral corruptions of superstitious monarchs; something more than the feeble ostentations of pampered kings and vassals; something more than the systems of idolatry in the pagan world. It tells us of the increasing wave of national conquest as it rolled from the sunny regions of the historic Euphrates, on westward, depopulating cities, demoralizing nations, spreading sorrow and suffering, poverty and desolation over every hill and plain, over every sterile waste and verdant field; and still onward it rolled along the sacred shores of the Mediterranean, sweeping over classic Greece and heroic Rome, romantic Switzerland and infidelic France, until it deluged three-fourths of all Europe with human blood. Even more. It gives us a more pleasing picture than this dark scene of degradation and crime. It proclaims the first scintillation of poetical genius, the first dim ray of philosophic truth, the first flickering light of science and art, and above all, the first dawning of the great and glorious sun of truth and revelation as it burst through the accumulated darkness of four thousand years. It describes the progress of literature and learning, and the elevation of society from the obscurity of heathen night to the illuminations of mind and heart. It speaks not only to crowds and assemblies, but to the united world.

The voice of history is important to this generation for another grave consideration: Because it is the varied experience of the nations which have peopled the globe. It was the opinion among the ancients that his-

[Continued on Page 19.]

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AMONG the many discoveries of valuable
remedies for Dyspepsia, none stand higher
than "WADE'S LIVER CORRECTOR."

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:

BERRA P. O., Granville Co., N. C.,
March 10, 1871.

DR. WADE, Dear Sir: Have been afflicted
with Liver Disease 3 or 4 years, which at times
amounted to derangement. When in Balti-
more, last November, I procured one bottle of
Liver Corrector, and now consider myself well.

Yours, respectfully,

ISAAC N. DAY, of Day & Meadows,

PROF. MOORMAN, Emeritus, of Washington
University, Md., now Resident Physician,
White Sulphur Springs, says:

"Dr. Wade's Liver Corrector and Dyspepsia
Cure is one of the very best remedies for Dys-
pepsia I have ever used."

DR. JONES, a prominent physician in Virgi-
nia, who has prescribed it for two years, says:
"I can find no better remedy for Dyspepsia
and Liver Complaint than Wade's Liver Cor-
rector."

COL. GOODE, a prominent and well known
gentleman in the same county, Va. says:

"I keep it regularly in my family, and would
not be without it."

MR. JOHN A. McARTHUR, County Treas-
urer of Duplin Co., N. C., says: "Wade's Liver
Corrector has done me more good, and given me
more relief in Dyspepsia, than any medicine I
ever took, &c., &c."

PROF. Noel, of College of Physicians and Sur-
geons of Baltimore, and a distinguished practi-
tioner in that city, prescribes and uses it in his
own family, and says: "It is the best remedy
for Dyspepsia with Torpid Liver and Constipa-
tion of Bowels I ever knew."

DR. WALKER, a celebrated physician of W.
Va., pronounces "Wade's Liver Corrector," the
best remedy extant for Dyspepsia in all its
forms.

OAK HILL, N. C. Sept. 3, 1875.

DR. D. WADE, Dear Sir:—I have recommen-
ded Dr. Wade's "Liver Corrector" in my prac-
tice and have found it a very excellent remedy
in torpidity of the Liver, and have known it to
give relief when other remedies had failed.

WM. THORP, M. D.

D. WADE & CO., Sole Proprietors,
Wholesale Druggists,
290 W. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.
oct23

Between John Slack Complainant
and John W. Carnes & others defend-
ants.

Exception to the Answer of
John W. Carnes.

1st For that the said defendant has
not to the best of his knowledge
information and belief answered
all the allegations of Complainant's
bill. The said defendant does not
answer whether or not he had money
owing to him from M. C. Parsons
one of his Co-defendants at the
time of the institution of this suit
which is a material allegation
of Complainant's bill of
Complaint

For
Plff.

John Slack
vs J. Exemption to
J. W. Carnes

Filed Nov 1881.
Jas W Orr, Clk.

Virginia

In the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Lee
County, the 28th day of January, 1881.

John Slack

Plaintiff

against

Leo Lehaucary

John W. Barnes et al. Defendants

The object of this suit is to recover of the defendants
One hundred and twenty seven dollars and interest
thereon and the costs of this suit and to subject to
the payment thereof the debt due by the defendant
Wm. C. Parsons to his co-defendant John
W. Barnes, which has been attached for the
purpose. And it appearing from an affidavit
filed in the cause that John W. Barnes, W. S. Yates,
D. C. McMillan, S. J. James, W. S. Hale, J. B. Sibrell,
J. W. Flournoy, J. L. White, P. L. Standon, M. A. Henderson,
A. J. Sadler, C. M. Yates, C. L. Miles, A. R. Farris,
R. W. Newsome, F. B. Hutton, J. S. Browning,
R. N. Dorris and T. A. Battimore are now residents
of this State, it is ordered that they appear here
within one month after the publication of this
order, and do what is necessary to protect
their interests in this suit.

A copy

Lester James W. Orr, Clerk.

I certify that on the first day of the Feb term 1881 of Lee
County Court, I posted at the front door of the Court House
of said county a copy of the above order.

Feb 1881.

James W. Orr, Clerk.

John Slack

vs { Copy order Pub'

John W. Carnes et als

Copy to Sentinel, Jan'y
25th 1881.

Jas W Orr Clerk.

To John McCombs
Sir.

You will please take notice
that I will take the depositions of J. L.
Buchanan & others, on the 6th day
of June, 1881, at the Fulton House, at
Emory & Henry College, in Washington
County, Va. which depositions when
taken are intended to be read as
evidence in my behalf in a certain
suit in Chancery now pending in the
Circuit Court of Lee County, Va.
wherein I am plaintiff and you
and others are defendants, and
if the taking of the same be not
completed on that day the same
will be continued from time to
time until they are completed.
Farmsville, Va. & John Slack
Apr 2nd 1881 } R. M. D. W. atty

John Slack

28 J. H. Co

J. H. Davis

June 6th 1880

Excited

Frank Miles D. S.
for J. S. Gley 286

To John W. Caryer.

Sir:

You will please take notice that I will take the depositions of John Slack and others in the town of Goodson, in the county of Washington, State of Virginia, in the Law Office of York and Fullerton Attys. on the 31st day of May 1881, which depositions when taken are intended to be read as evidence in my behalf in a certain Debt ~~Suit~~ in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Lee County, Virginia, wherein I am plaintiff and you and others are defendants; and if from any cause the taking of said depositions be not completed on said day and at said place the same will be continued from time to time and from place to place until the same are completed.

Jamestown, Va.
March 30th 1881

John Slack Jr
Sp. A. Orr Atty

John Slack
68 } Notice

J. W. Camus et al
May 31st 1881.

Executed by
giving a copy
to J. W. Camus
March 31st 1881

Francis Miles J.S.
for J. S. Ely S. L. C.

To John M. Cary.

Sir: -

You will please take Notice
that I will on the 19th day of April, 1881,
at the Land Office of Wm A. Orr in Jamesville
Lee County, Va take the depositions of F. R.
Stickley et al which depositions when taken
are intended to be read as evidence in my
behalf in a certain Suit in Chancery in which
I am plaintiff and you and others are defend-
ants now pending in the civil Court of Lee
County, Va. And if the taking of the same be
not completed on that day the taking of the
same will be continued and adjourned
from time to time and from place
to place until the same are completed.

Jamesville, Va }
Apr. 2nd 1881 }

John Slack
R. Wm A. Orr, atty

2011
John Slack
38 1/2 Natick

J. W. Carnes et al
Apr 19th 1881

Expended
Financier Miles D. S.

The Commonwealth of Virginia.

To The Sheriff of Lee County, Greeting:

We command you to summon

John W. Leames, W. S. Yates, D. C. McWilliam

B. J. Jones, W. S. Hale, J. B. Dillnell, J. W. Hurmay, J. L. White
P. L. Staunton, A. P. Kelly, M. A. Handson, A. J. Suddler,
C. M. Yates, O. L. Miles, A. R. Harris, R. W. Newsome,
H. B. Dutton, J. S. Brocuming, R. H. Desser, J. C. Lattimore
late partners running a newspaper at Emory & Henry College, under
the firm name & style of The Casket Company, & M. C. Parsons
& C. B. Leames

To appear at the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Lee county, at the Court House, on the first Monday in

next, being rule, to answer a bill in Chancery, exhibited in our said Court against *them* by

John Slack

And have then there this writ. Witness JAMES W. Orr, Clerk of our said Court, at the Courthouse, this

day of

Jan'y

1881, in the 10th year of the Commonwealth.

James W. Orr. Clerk.

John Slack / On
vs. John W. Carrales et al
in Chy.

Feb Rules 1881

On the 29th day of Jan'y
1881 I delivered copies
hereof to M. C. Parsons
and to the wife of E. B. Lamer
she being a white person
over the age of 16 years
and explaining the same
to her. The said E. B. Lamer
not being at his usual
place of abode.

Frances Miller D. for

Thos. S. Ely Sheriff &c

Executed by delivering
an attested office copy
hereof to A. P. Kelly.

Thos S Ely Secy

350
13
1750
350
8250

The broker affidavit having been made in this
cause, the Sheriff assuming this process, is ordered
to attach the estate of the defendant John W.
Carrales in this State, and the same in his
hands so attached, so to receive and preserve,
that the same may be forthcoming and liable
to the future order of the Court.

James W. Oriskany

VIRGINIA.—In the clerk's office of the circuit court of Lee county, the 28th day of January, 1881.

John Slack, Pltf.

IN

vs

Jno. W Carns, et al Deft } CHANCERY

The object of this suit is to recover of the defendants \$127 and interest thereon and the costs of the suit, and to subject to the payment thereof the debt due by the defendant M C Parsons to his co-defendant John W Carns, which has been attaced for the purpose : and it appearing from an affidavit filed in the cause that John W Carns, W S Yates, D C Vermillion, S J James, W S Hale, J B Dibrell, J W Flourney, J L White, P L Stanton, M A Handson, A T Saddler, C M Yates, O L Miles, A R Farris, R W Newsome, F B Hutton, J S Browning, R N Dosser, and T G Lattimore are nonresidents of this State it is ordered that they appear here within one month after due publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

A copy—Teste,

prf \$7.50 JAMES W. ORR, Clerk.

*To the annexed Chancery
four successive weeks
weekly newspaper printer
publication ending Feb. 25.
Jm W Orr*

Pub

John Slack

vs. 3

Pub. Cent.

John W. Learner, Jr.